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THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE

BOG-AH-MA-GE-SHIG, THE BEAR ISLAND CHIPPEWA WHO WAS RESCUED BY HIS TRIBE FROM UNITED STATES MARSHALS

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ROBERT J COLLIER EDITOR

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—*A recent Act of Congress forbids the forwarding of newspaper mail from the town addressed to one whether a subscriber has removed unless stamps are forwarded for payment of postage. Subscribers to "COLLIER'S WEEKLY" who have changed their places of residence are therefore earnestly requested to notify the publisher at once, so that they may not lose any numbers of the paper.*

IT IS impossible that Democrats, familiar with the statistics relating to recent elections in the State of New York, can really feel the confidence which they profess in the success of their candidate for Governor. When questioned as to the ground for their assurance, they reply that, last year, they elected not only a Mayor in the Greater New York, but also their candidate, Judge Parker, for the post of Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals. This is true. The figures show, however, that Van Wyck, who was chosen Mayor in 1897, was the candidate of a minority. He received only 234,000 votes, whereas the combined vote for Low, Tracy and George was 274,000. Judge Parker obtained 278,000 votes in the Greater New York, or 44,000 more than Van Wyck. Parker's Republican opponent for the Chief Justiceship, Judge Wallace, had but 135,000 votes, or 139,000 less than the total vote of the three opponents of Van Wyck. Of this difference, the greater part is accounted for by the 95,000 blank votes that were cast for the Chief Justiceship. There is no doubt that these blank votes were cast by the men who voted for Low for Mayor. Had they been at the pains to mark their ballots for Wallace also, he would have been elected by a considerable majority, for, outside of the city of Greater New York, he had a plurality of 82,000. From still another point of view, the election figures of the last two years seem fatal to Judge Van Wyck's prospects of becoming Governor. It is true that Judge Parker, last year, secured 3,000 votes more than did Bryan in 1896. On the other hand, there were thrown for Wallace last year, 326,000 fewer votes than McKinley got in 1896. It follows that the enormous number of 326,000 voters, partly gold-Democrats, no doubt, but mainly Republicans, either stayed away from the ballot box in 1897, or did not take the trouble to mark their ballots for Chief Justice. As the Republican party is now united and deeply interested in Colonel Roosevelt's candidacy, we may expect to see him obtain in the Greater New York almost all the votes that were cast last year for Low and Tracy, besides getting an overwhelming majority in the State above the Bronx River. If figures, in a word, prove anything, they should powerfully encourage Colonel Roosevelt's supporters.

TIMES have changed indeed, when a German Emperor can visit Jerusalem as the guest of a Turkish Sultan who is also Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful, and, as such, bound to keep sacred from Christian intrusion a city which is one of the holy places of Islam. Not only will William II. perform with ease and luxury a journey which cost Barbarossa his life, but he will be permitted to dedicate a Protestant Church within the precincts of the Holy City. There is no doubt that the present Kaiser would be pleased if, like his great predecessor, Frederick II., he could crown himself King of Jerusalem; for his visit to the Holy Land is prompted by colonizing and political, as well as by sentimental, motives. In Asia Minor, if not, also, in parts of Syria, there is a field for German enterprise and industry, which, if vigorously turned to account, might restore population and prosperity to one of the richest regions upon earth. Nor is it impossible that Abdul Hamid, in the private interview which he is about to have with William II., may consent to give the latter a free hand in certain sections of Anatolia in return for a promise to uphold the waning power and prestige of the Crescent in Southeastern Europe.

AS THE diplomatic correspondence published in London by Lord Salisbury reveals an inflexible determination to tolerate no interference with Egypt's claim to the whole valley of the Nile, the Brisson Cabinet finds itself placed in an embarrassing position by Major Marchand's expedition to Fashoda. If it refuses to renounce its pretensions to the province of which Fashoda is the capital, it will have to face a war with England, which, being exclusively naval, would probably involve a sweeping destruction of French warships and the loss of all the French transmarine dependencies, except Algeria and Tunis. If, on the other hand, M. Brisson shall acquiesce in the stand taken by the British Prime Minister, his opponents in the Chamber of Deputies, who have been exasperated by his willingness to give Dreyfus a new trial, will make the alleged pusillanimity of the Premier a pretext for passing a vote of want of confidence. He is thus between the devil and the deep sea. Whatever decision in regard to Fashoda may be arrived at, the days of the Brisson Cabinet are evidently numbered.

WOULD the overthrow of the Brisson Cabinet prove fatal to Dreyfus's hopes of obtaining a new trial? Not necessarily. The question whether, in the original proceedings before the court-martial, or in any of the incidents that have since occurred, there is ground for ordering a new trial in the interests of justice, has been submitted to the Court of Cassation, which, in some respects, corresponds to our United States Supreme Court. If that tribunal shall answer the question in the negative, the friends of Dreyfus might as well abandon the hope of effecting his deliverance. Should, on the other hand, the reply be in the affirmative, no ministry can prevent a retrial of Dreyfus, though it might materially affect the outcome of the proceeding by appointing, on the second court-martial, officers known to be implacably opposed to the accused. In the present state of public feeling on the subject, however, it is doubtful whether any officers would venture to insist upon conducting the trial behind closed doors, or to condemn the accused on evidence which neither he nor his counsel was permitted to see.

HOW WILL SPAIN MEET OUR DEMANDS TOUCHING THE PHILIPPINES?

WITHIN the first ten days of October the American proposals with regard to the disposition to be made of the Philippine Islands were communicated to the Spanish members of the Peace Commission in Paris by the representatives of the United States. They have not, it seems, been modified by the conference with General Merritt, but correspond to the outlines published before the departure of the American plenipotentiaries from this country. That is to say, their three main features are the following: First, an absolute cession to the United States of sovereignty over the island of Luzon; secondly, a requirement that Spain shall not sell any of the other islands in the group without the consent of the United States; thirdly, a stipulation that the government established by Spain in the islands south of Luzon shall be of a liberal nature and shall be, at all times, subject to the approval of the United States. These primary demands are ostensibly irreconcilable with the position which the Spanish commissioners have been instructed to take; namely, that, with the exception of a harbor and coaling station, which may be ceded to the United States, the whole Philippine archipelago must remain under the absolute sovereignty of Spain. Is there any middle ground upon which the two parties, who begin by announcing views so widely divergent, can be expected to agree? Of course, the Commission was created for the express purpose of reaching an agreement. Had President McKinley desired to impose upon Spain his will concerning the Philippines by a peremptory fiat, he would have done so when the protocol was framed. He would not have relegated the determination of the fate of the islands to a body of plenipotentiaries, in which an equal voice was given to Spain, and from which it was unlikely that an agreement would be secured, except by means of reciprocal concessions. The President may now regret, as many Americans regret, that the Commission was created. Since it exists, however, we must make the best of it.

It is not customary for diplomats, or for any other persons, who confer with a view of arriving at an accommodation of conflicting interests, to begin by stating the irreducible minimum of their demands. On the contrary, they state the maximum, and endeavor to secure as much thereof as possible. We may take for granted that this is the course which will be followed by Judge Day and his associates. The question, then, arises, In what respect are our commissioners likely to submit to some modification of their proposals? We believe that they will adhere unflinchingly to the first and the third of the three demands above described. They will insist on the retention of Luzon and they will refuse to abandon the inhabitants of the other islands to the rule of Spain, unless Spain agrees to introduce there a liberal system of government, and unless she, further, concedes to us the right of supervising and enforcing the execution of the agreement. No country, however, that retains any sense of self-respect, and is not ready to sink at once to the level of Turkey, will submit to occupy any such position of wardship, and

we may, therefore, assume that Spain will firmly refuse to enter into the required stipulation. It follows that a deadlock can only be averted, and that a middle ground or basis of agreement can only be looked for, through some modification of the second of the American demands, that, namely, which calls upon Spain to covenant that she will not sell any of the islands south of Luzon without the consent of the United States. The Spanish commissioners will say, "By the whole tenor of your proposals, you recognize Spain's right of sovereignty in all of the Philippines except Luzon, and you express a willingness to acquiesce in our exercise of that right under certain conditions. Those conditions, however, our national self-respect will not allow us to accept, and we insist, therefore, upon doing what, once recognized as sovereigns, we clearly have a right to do, namely, sell unconditionally lands that are acknowledged to belong to us." We should answer that to absolute freedom of sale we could not consent, because, for us, the character of the power which might, by purchase, become our next neighbor would be a matter of grave moment. The Spaniards are not unlikely to rejoin that at all events it does not become us to play the part of a dog in the manger, and that, if we are unwilling to let them come to terms with such purchasers as may now come forward, we should purchase the islands ourselves. For this suggestion, which, undoubtedly, will be made, there is, at least, this to be said, that a recurrence to war, which must necessarily follow a deadlock at Paris, would cost us a great deal of money, and that it might be cheaper in the end to pay Spain a reasonable sum for the relinquishment of her claims to the islands south of Luzon. That is precisely the way in which we treated Spain's daughter State, Mexico, in 1848. After General Scott's occupation of its capital, the Mexican Republic lay at our feet. We might have annexed the whole of it. On the other hand, it was, as Spain is to-day, utterly unable to pay a pecuniary indemnity for the expenses incurred by us in the prosecution of the war. We could only secure indemnity in the shape of territory, and this we insisted on acquiring. Nevertheless, we evinced some sympathy for the extreme financial straits of the Mexican Government, and, instead of seizing California and New Mexico by right of conquest, we bought them, paying therefor what seemed in those days a fair price, in view of the ignorance then prevailing concerning the mineral wealth of the purchased region. We forgot how cruelly the Mexicans had treated the Texans in the past; we remembered only the depth of their present humiliation, and we allowed mercy to season justice.

We are confident that the despatch of our peace commissioners to Paris will not prove fruitless, but that they will hit upon some method of averting a deadlock, which would necessitate a renewal of the war.

THE PROPOSED RECIPROCITY TREATY WITH CANADA

ACCORDING to the Montreal newspapers, one outcome of the Quebec Conference is likely to be the negotiation of a reciprocity treaty between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The wish, we suspect, is father to the thought, and it is doubtful whether such a treaty, even if signed, would be ratified by our Federal Senate, although the terms of it should be more favorable to American interests than any that the Canadians have been as yet inclined to offer. It is obvious that, if we give to the raw products of Canada free access to the markets afforded by our 75,000,000 consumers, and also by the 10,000,000 additional consumers in the Philippines, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, we ought to receive in return absolute freedom of access for our manufactured articles to the markets of the Dominion. That would be genuine reciprocity, but that is not the form of it which Sir Wilfrid Laurier wishes to secure. He wants the products of Canadian farms, forests, mines and fisheries to be relieved from the payment of any customs duties upon entering our country, while, on the other hand, he purposes to subject our manufactures, when admitted into Canada, not only to customs duties, but to duties higher than those levied upon similar commodities coming from Great Britain. We do not believe that there is the slightest chance that our Federal Senate will ratify a treaty conferring such unequal privileges upon the respective parties. Let us assume, however, for the moment, that the Ottawa Government, finding it impossible to obtain better terms, may assent to a plan of real reciprocity, whereby American manufacturers would be able to expel both their British and their Canadian competitors from the markets of the Dominion. Would it, even then, be the part of wisdom for our Senate to ratify the treaty? The question is answered in the negative by Mr. Francis Wayland Glen, an ex-member of the Canadian Parliament, in an able letter favoring the political union of the United States and British America.

Mr. Glen contends that even a reciprocity treaty of the most acceptable type ought to be rejected, because it would prove a serious impediment to the political reunion of the English-speaking peoples on this continent. Such a treaty would remove the principal incentive to fusion on the part of the Canadians; namely, the desire of sharing the privileges of interstate free trade which all the members of our Union enjoy. Such was

the effect of the former reciprocity treaty between ourselves and Canada, which treaty, indeed, is known to have been negotiated for the express purpose of averting annexation. Mr. Glen points out that, in 1849, the outlook for British America was so unsatisfactory that an annexation manifesto was signed in Montreal by a number of leading Canadians, including John A. MacDonald, David A. MacPherson, Alexander Gault, John Rose, John C. Abbott, Leonard Tilley and George Cartier. Of the seven named, six were of English or Scotch origin, and one was of French extraction. There was not an Irishman among them. After 1860, every one of them, in spite of his having signed the Montreal annexation manifesto, became a Minister of the Crown, and received the decoration of knighthood. Another historical incident should be mentioned in connection with this topic. When Lord Elgin became Governor-general of Canada in 1850, he quickly recognized that the only preventive of the political union of the United States and British North America would be free access to the American market for the surplus natural products of the British provinces. Negotiations for a treaty, which should render such access possible, were, presently, begun by him at Washington with a lavish expenditure of money. At that time, the slave power was preponderant in the person of Franklin Pierce. Lord Elgin informed the pro-slavery leaders that either they must grant to Canada reciprocity, or else they would soon have to admit into the Union six or seven new free States, with a population intensely hostile to slavery. The result was the reciprocity treaty of 1854, which remained in force until March 16, 1866. While the treaty was operative, the population of Canada increased at least forty per cent. Since the abolition of the treaty, the population has grown much more slowly, and it is now probable that a period of stagnation has been reached. A renewal of the treaty of 1854 would enable Canada to induce and retain immigration and prevent emigration. Even a gain of twenty-five per cent in her population in ten years would give Canada a total increase of 1,250,000 citizens, who, if the value of an individual be put so low as \$1,000, would be worth \$1,250,000,000. Again, the continuation of the existing bonding privileges for ten years would secure for the Canadian Railway \$250,000,000 in traffic earnings. There would be still another source of profit. The present annual products of Canada's farms, fisheries, forests and mines, and the earnings of her vessels engaged in the coasting trade, cannot be appraised at less than \$500,000,000. Reciprocity would secure to the producer in Canada an average increase in price of ten per cent, not only upon the portion exported, but upon the portion consumed at home. The annual value, therefore, of reciprocity to the Canadian producer of natural products and to Canadian vessel-owners, would be not less than \$50,000,000, which would amount to \$500,000,000 in ten years. It follows that the total gain to Canada from all of the three sources enumerated would be, in ten years, \$2,000,000,000. On our side, we should simply acquire access for our manufactures to a market furnished by but five million consumers, wherein we should have to compete on equal terms with British and Canadian articles.

Attention is directed by Mr. Glen to the fact that the Republican party, assembled in national convention at St. Louis in July, 1896, declared that it looked forward hopefully to the eventual withdrawal of European powers from this hemisphere, and to the ultimate union of all the English-speaking parts of the Continent. Fidelity to that declaration would require Republican members of the United States Senate to vote against ratifying a treaty which, by giving reciprocity to Canada, would inevitably postpone the date of England's withdrawal from this hemisphere and of the political fusion of the English-speaking peoples in the New World. On the other hand, if England would grant independence to British North America, we might be tempted to conclude a reciprocity treaty with the new independent power, though, even then, it is probable that political unification would be retarded by commercial union. It is tolerably certain that if, at the beginning of the last century, Scotland had been able to secure gratuitously a share in England's commercial privileges, she would never have agreed to political incorporation with the larger and richer country.

According to Mr. Glen, those Englishmen who sincerely desire to promote a cordial understanding between the United States and England should advocate a renunciation of England's possessions in the New World, and strive to bring about a union of our republic with British North America. Such a union would remove forever all causes likely to disturb kindly intercourse with Great Britain, and would render possible such a moral coalition between the United States and that country as should enable them jointly to maintain peace throughout the world. Why should not England remove the last obstacle to friendship with the United States by renouncing her dependencies in the New World? Her subjects in the West Indian islands are starving, and only through help from the United States can her subjects in Canada escape stagnation. Russia withdrew from this hemisphere voluntarily, and ceded all her North American possessions to the United States for a nominal consideration. It is also with the hearty approval and moral support of Great Britain that we are expelling Spain from this Continent. In view of these facts, why should not Great Britain give up voluntarily the unsuccessful attempt to secure prosperity for her colonies in America?



THE MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN FESTIVAL AT DENVER—SCENES FROM THE PARADES—(See page 7)

(Photographs by JAMES B. BROWN, Denver)

1 and 3. Decorated Coaches. 2. Strange Spectators. 4. Annie Oakleaf, Champion (Miss) Shot of America. 5. Title Car—"The Silver Serpent." 6. Dancing Girl. 7. Mounted Cowboy Band, in the Congress of Roughness.



MISS OLGA HEROLD



MISS FANNIE ORTHWEIN



MISS MINNIE SMITH



MISS MARA SCOTT



MISS ELLA DUSTIN



MISS BERTHA TOWNSEND



MISS I. NOLKER



MISS K. CUNNINGHAM



MISS KATHERINE M. DUROSS



MISS GERTRUDE CRAFT



MISS MARIE THERESE SCANLAN, THE QUEEN



MISS CARRIE COOK



MISS FRANCES BILLINGSLEY



MISS MABEL HOLMES



MISS CAROLINE S. WOOD



MISS LAURA SEITZ



MISS C. CLARK

TO THE most charming members of St. Louis society the supreme moment of the Veiled Prophet's Festival is that in which the Prophet chooses a Queen of Love and Beauty. The choice is made openly and quickly, from a bewildering array of beautiful women, and in the presence of an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen; it is supposed that the fortunate damsel never knows in advance of the honor to be conferred upon her.

When the Prophet reaches the ballroom in which the ceremonies of selection and coronation are to take place he is greeted by nearly forty maids of honor, chaperoned by a similar number of ladies of honor. When the Queen has been selected, she is escorted to the throne, and the Royal Pursuivant reads the Prophet's decree; the last one was, in part, as follows:

"Our revels now draw to a close, and nothing could more fitly

terminate our pageant illustrative of the history of the Muses, the nine goddesses of beauty of soul and sense, than that we should select a maiden of this our favored city, as typifying the love and beauty for the expression and glorification of which the immortal nine inspire the mind and heart and soul of man."

"Therefore, now, by virtue of the mystic authority in me vested, and by virtue of that inspiration which comes of submission to the spell of the Muses, whereby, though veiled, mine eyes behold the goodness and beauty that make life sweet, when incarnated in a gracious girl, I, the Veiled Prophet, do crown you, Miss Scanlan, Queen of Love and Beauty of this our twenty-first annual carnival in this city of St. Louis."

The portrait of the latest Queen and some of the maids of honor are presented above.

OUR LATEST INDIAN WAR

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our flag-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Rudyard Kipling's Recessional

THE North American red man has a forcible way of bringing his grievances to the attention of the White Father. When all other means have failed, his remonstrances are apt to take the form of a massacre, preferably of those whom he rightly conceives to be the instruments of the Government.

On these occasions our soldiers have to suffer for the rascality and blundering of others. In the end the heaviest suffering falls on the Indians, though the rash braves who took to the warpath usually make good their escape.

This thing has happened so often since the advent of the white man in North America that "Indian chasing" has become one of the familiar experiences of our regular soldiers, and the menace is so constant that it must be provided against even at times when the country is in a general state of war with a foreign foe. Otherwise there might be a repetition of so costly an affair as the troublesome campaign against the Cherokees and Sioux during the closing years of our Civil War.

Yet every new report of an Indian uprising seems to come as a surprise to the people who brought it about as well as to the authorities in Washington, that are supposed to have been kept informed of the growing causes for dissatisfaction among the Government's red-skinned wards. The other surprises that follow are those that the wily Indian has in store for his erstwhile tormentors and for the troops sent to bring him to bay.

All these elements of surprise have played a large part in the latest episode of that great world drama—"The Progress of Civilization, or The Extermination of The Savage."

At the very time when our Peace Commissioners at Paris were holding their opening sessions around the venerable table in La Salle des Ambassadeurs, early in October, our people were rudely startled out of their peans of victory by a report of an Indian massacre apparently rivaling that of Custer's command a generation ago. A detachment of one hundred regular infantrymen, commanded by a general and a major, both of them seasoned Indian fighters, so the first reports came, had been ambushed and massacred on a remote island in one of the numerous lakes of the densely wooded region of the great Northwest still inhabited by red men.

The Indians in this case were the Pillagers of Bear Island and Leech Lake, a small tribe of the once great nation of Chippewas; the largest remnant of which, numbering nearly ten thousand, is scattered over the Lake reservations of Minnesota and Wisconsin. The actual fighting was done by a small band of rebellious bucks led by Gay-She-Gwon-Ay-Yosh, meaning "Strong Voice of the Wind."

The soldiers were mostly recruits mustered into the Third Regiment of U. S. Infantry, which had been sent back to its former post at Fort Snelling in Minnesota, after participating in the campaign of Santiago. They were commanded by Brigadier General Bacon, a veteran of our Civil War grown old in Indian fighting, who had but recently distinguished himself during our war with Spain in Cuba. He was aided by Major Melville C. Wilkinson, another soldier of the Civil War, who won his subsequent steps in the engagements at Clearwater and Kaniah in Idaho during the campaign against the Nez Perce Indians in 1877; and by U. S. Marshal T. J. Sheehan, a former army captain, who made his reputation during the Civil War as the commandant of Fort Ridgley on the Minnesota frontier, by successfully defending the fort against the repeated attacks of more than a thousand hostile Sioux with a total force of but one hundred and twenty-five men.

A third element in this miniature campaign was a number of newspaper correspondents, who, unlike certain of their colleagues in Cuba, seem to have succeeded in keeping out of harm's way, at the same time making the most of the story from their peculiar points of view. Thus it came that a desultory fight with a handful of nineteen Indians, resulting in the loss of seven men, was described as the massacre of an entire command by a force of red skins magnified into thousands. As a natural consequence, a panic followed among all the settlers of that region, the widespread dimensions of which impelled the Governor of the State to seek his own redress independent of the United States Government.

Even twenty-four hours after the actual occurrence of the engagement, one Minneapolis correspondent, who had been sent to the scene of action on a specially chartered steamer, sent out the following report from the village of Walker, near by:

"The force of eighty men under General Bacon has been annihilated. Word has been sent to the War Department that the Third Infantry detachment has been wiped out.

"I got in very late from an expedition on the 'Flora.' We started out to carry supplies and rations to the troops.

"It was very dark off the shore, and we signaled for an hour, with the code in use at Santiago. Either the troops have been driven inland or there is not a man of them left. No answering signal of any sort was received, although we lay off and on the whole length of the headland. To land was an impossibility in the dark, though the captain of the boat was a dead game man and he would have landed. There was no possible doubt that the small force on the boat would have been annihilated if this had been done. There were men aboard who preferred to die in an effort at rescue, however futile it might have been.

"We had our blankets and rations for the bluecoats.

If any of them survive, they slept last night in the open. A very heavy frost prevailed there. There is not so much as a coffee bean to divide between the whole command this morning.

"At a later date I am going to tell the whole truth about this expedition. I never knew of such gross mismanagement or witnessed such criminal obstinacy as has been exhibited here. The men of Bacon's command were taken out under conditions that would disgrace a military sergeant were he responsible for them. Every life that has been lost here is a useless sacrifice. It broke my heart to see the poor fellows dropping.

"I believe on our return last night we did all that human beings could have done to find the missing. There was something horribly ominous in the dead silence that came from that stretch of brush where the fighting occurred.

"I have kissed my hand to more whistling rifle balls in the last forty-eight hours than I ever care to meet again."

In the light of this report the publicly expressed comment of one of the wounded soldiers who returned from the fight makes interesting reading:

"You ought to have seen the reporters leg it, when the shooting began. But they were mighty kind to the wounded afterward. . . . On the next morning a small relief steamer arrived back of our camp. She brought one barrel of provisions, a box of ammunition and more reporters. It was intended to send back the newspaper correspondents and the wounded, but when one wounded man had been put aboard a shot was fired from the timber at the boat, and at once the steamer, which was not in charge of a party of heroes, turned tail and dashed out into the lake. That was the last we saw of that steamer."

Even after the first detachment of troops had withdrawn to safety, there came absurd reports of attacks made upon them and on neighboring settlements, with no end of alarming rumors concerning the alleged movements of hostile bands of Indians for hundreds of miles around.

No wonder all Minnesota was aroused and clamored so loudly for the protection of more troops that the Governor of the State was driven to call out the militia—what there was left of it.

Now that the furor has subsided somewhat, and the uprising has developed, as usual, into a more or less hopeless pursuit of those few Indian outlaws who have shown no sign of repentance, it is not so difficult to trace the course of this miniature war from its rise to its decline.

The Pillager Indians, according to John Bottineau, a civilized Chippewa Indian of the Turtle Mountain tribe, have always been regarded as an unruly tribe, as their name would indicate, and have been conspicuous among their fellow-tribesmen for their exclusiveness and savage refusal to accept the benefits of civilization. For several centuries, therefore, they have been left in almost undisputed possession of their hunting lands around Leech Lake. When missionaries came among them, more than a hundred years ago, they were not allowed to get a foothold on their reservation. Of late years, however, civilization has penetrated into their wilds in the form of lumber mills and whisky.

"Pine timber and whisky," say the other Chippewas, "have caused all the trouble among the Pillagers." Not only this tribe, but all the Minnesota Chippewas, claim that they are being robbed of all that stands between them and want—the pine wood growing on the reservations. Under a recent law decision, the white lumbermen are not only allowed to take all "dead and down" timber, but also such trees as may have stood within a certain radius of a forest fire, whether affected by the fire or not. Since this decision, the Indians claim, fires have been deliberately set throughout their lumber lands, and by this means much invaluable pine wood has been grabbed away from them. As a result, the Blanket Indians, as the Pillagers are called by the settlers, have little or no friendliness for the lumber men.

For the white man's firewater, on the other hand, these "Blanket Indians" have developed a quick and overweening taste. It is against the law to sell whisky to the Indians, but it has been remarked by one Andrew Guthrie, a contractor who is building a railroad along Leech Lake, that any Indian who has a nickel can get a drink. As one of the Chippewas has blandly stated it, this particular trouble was caused by the members of the tribe getting hold of too much whisky. The officers of the law heard of it and arrested the culprits. The deputies were sent out to secure and detain the necessary witnesses. Many of these deputies were half-breeds, who had earned the cordial hatred of the Indians by a long record of arrests; for every Indian that is summoned as a witness is taken to the sheriff's office, and is there detained for an indefinite time, while his squaw and papoose have to get along without support. The more witnesses the officials summon the greater the amount of fees to the sheriff's office.

In this instance the deputy sheriffs were intrusted with warrants for several Pillager Indians, and actually succeeded in locating and arresting one, Bug-Ah-Ma-Go-Shig, or Bush-Ear, an interesting character, who claimed to have lost much money and time while detained as a witness. Before the deputy sheriffs could successfully lodge him in jail he was rescued by a score of his friends from the Leech Lake reservation and returned triumphantly to his log house on Bear Island. New warrants were promptly issued for Bush-Ear and his defiant friends, as well as for the inevitable witnesses; and this time the warrants were intrusted to a deputy marshal accompanied by the detachment of troops commanded by General Bacon.

What followed is military history. The troops left the little town of Walker on a steamboat accompanied by a tug, early in the morning of October 5. With the soldiers went a United States marshal, half a dozen

deputies, nine Indian police, two interpreters and three newspaper correspondents. Bear Island, where the rebellious Bush-Ear had his log house, was reached in the early forenoon. Several Indians were seen in the neighborhood, but upon the landing of the soldiers they promptly disappeared into the woods. The log house of the old chief was found empty, but an Indian loitering about there was apprehended and taken handcuffed to the boat, after fierce resistance in the face of all the troops drawn up in line before the log house. When he had been disposed of, the soldiers marched about the island and visited various small Indian settlements; but Bush-Ear and his friends kept out of their way, as did the other male members of the tribe, some of whom were seen skulking among the trees with rifles in their hands. In the end the soldiers returned to Bush-Ear's house, where another young Indian, who ventured into the open, was seized and sent on board the boat. Then Major Wilkinson lined up his company and put them through some evolutions, with a final order to unload pieces and rest arms.

As the column stood at rest, with their backs to the lake, a shot came from the woods, then another, and before the soldiers realized where the shots came from fusillade followed from the ambushed Indians. Several men fell, and the rest sought shelter at every point. General Bacon commanded them to be cool, and Major Wilkinson, under his orders, deployed his company as skirmishers and returned the fire of the concealed enemy with volley after volley. For a while the fire on both sides was very brisk. Then the Indians fired more slowly and began to pick off the men on the two boats, severely wounding the pilot, the marshal and an Indian inspector, so that the boats had to steam out into the lake for safety.

In the meanwhile Major Wilkinson had been shot in the leg. Undismayed by his wound, this brave officer stuck to his post, until a few minutes afterward he was shot through the body and died, exhorting his men to continue the fight.

Major Wilkinson's death was the more tragic since he had always been accounted as a friend of the Indians, and had labored long and earnestly among them as an educator at the Pine Grove agency.

Other men were killed after him, and many more were wounded during the six hours of fighting while daylight lasted. During the night the soldiers sought cover in the log house and dug trenches around it, but when morning came the shooting ceased after a particularly troublesome Indian sharpshooter had been dropped from his tree.

Later in the day succor came across the lake, and General Bacon withdrew his men and returned to the town of Walker, while other heavier forces of troops were hurried to Bear Island and the country surrounding Leech Lake.

Thirty-six hours afterward the whole county was up in arms against the Indians, and the women and children of the settlers and lumbermen were hurried eastward to Minneapolis and other similarly safe places.

Needless to state, no effort is being spared to bring the Chippewas to subjection; though, as General Bacon has said, a whole winter will probably be spent in a more or less fruitless search for the score of rash Pillagers who started the trouble.

The best comment upon the affair, perhaps, was made by old Geronimo, the notorious Apache outlaw, now held as prisoner of war at Omaha, where President McKinley had a talk with him:

"The sun rises and shines for a time, and then it goes down, sinking out of sight, and is lost. So it will be with the Indian. When I was a boy my old father told me that the Indians were as many as the leaves on the trees, and that 'way off in the north they had many horses and furs. I never saw them, but I know that if they were there they have gone now and the white man has taken all they had. It will be only a few years more until the Indians will be heard of no more, except in the books that the white man has written. They are not the people that the Great Father loves, for if they were He would protect them. They have tried to please Him, but they do not know how."

"I have never been in Minnesota, but I hear that there are for hundreds of miles beyond the white men are as many as the blades of grass. If that be so, what can a few poor Indians do in a fight?

"I know whereof I speak. For years I fought the white men, thinking that with my few braves I could kill them all off and that we would again have the land that our Great Father gave us and which he covered with game. I thought that the Great Spirit would be with us and that after we had killed the white men the buffalo, deer and antelope would come back. After I had fought and lost, and after I had traveled over the country in which the white man lived, and saw his cities and the work that he had done, my old heart was ready to burst. I knew that the race of the Indian was run and that there was nothing left but to submit.

"There will be no more big Indian wars. The Indians' fighting days are over, and there is nothing left for them to do but to be beggars and live on charity around the agencies. There are only a few of us left and we are herded in like a lot of sheep, so that it is foolish to go to war. The young men of the tribes will never know anything of war, except as the tales are told by the old men."

"Schools are good things for the Indians, but it takes many years to change the nature of the Indian. If an Indian boy goes to school and learns to be like a white boy he comes back to the agency and there is nothing for him to do but put on a blanket and be like an Indian again."

"This is where the government is to blame. When it takes our children away and educates them it should give them something to do—not turn them loose to run wild upon the agency. Until that time comes educating the Indian is throwing money away."—(See double-page illustration.)

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



M. PETIT
Councilor of the Court of Cassation



M. CREPON
Councilor of the Court of Cassation



M. LEPELLETIER
Councilor of the Court of Cassation



M. COUTURIER
Director of Criminal Cases and Pardons



M. GEOFFROY
Chief of Staff of Minister of Justice



M. LA BORDE
Director of Civil Proceedings

COMMITTEE APPOINTED BY THE FRENCH MINISTER OF JUSTICE TO DETERMINE WHETHER THE FINDINGS IN THE DREYFUS TRIAL SHALL BE REVISED

THE MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN FESTIVAL

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

DENVER, October 8, 1896

NEARLY two hundred thousand people saw the opening of the Festival of Mountain and Plain, and two-thirds of them spent the entire week in the city; for each day's parade presented effects new, startling and dazzling, ranging in period from the savagery and beauty of the Court of Montezuma to the glory of recent achievements of American valor. And then the flower-decked carriages and traps, dreams of fair women and gallant men, proud horse-flesh and lively grooms, all suggesting wealth and art. It was a pageant, allegorical and patriotic, such as the West has seldom seen before.

The annual "Festival of Mountain and Plain" is intended to be a beautiful creation of scenic ingenuity, which shall also tell, in pictorial language, an interesting story, or series of stories. The narrative begins with the first rude settlement of the central West and continues to the present industrial condition of Colorado and adjoining States.

The programme was divided into three parts, that for the first day consisting of a grand industrial, historical and allegorical parade in the afternoon and a magnificent display of fireworks at the city park at night. The floats in the first day's parade represented the Landing of Columbus, Scenes, The Landing of Cortez, The Louisiana Purchase and the Raising of the Flag at New Orleans, Wreck of the "Merrimac," the warships "Brooklyn," "Puritan" and "Olympia," The Surrender of Santiago, Neptune's Bride, Peace, The "Oregon," Prosperity, Colorado, Cuba Entering the Circle of American Republics, and many others "too numerous to mention."

The parade of the second day was in honor of the soldier boys and was termed Peace Day, and the entire city was filled with echoes of the consolidated bands. The procession was a thrilling spectacle—detachment after detachment of uniformed men in regular order, State Guards, some Roosevelt troopers, many regular army men and veteran volunteers, until the older people were reminded of the Civil War period. Denver was excited as never before; thousands of hats were tossed into the air and cheering became the order of the day.

At night a parade of The Serpent's Slaves portrayed the story of the nations from ancient days to the present time. In every respect the pageant was superior to any one previously given under the auspices of the Slaves of the Silver Serpent; the number of floats was greater, the illumination was brighter, the plan carried out on a more elaborate and elegant scale than ever before. The floats presented one long chain of surprises in rapid alternation—chariots of Oriental patterns and hues, battleships with big guns protruding, with other dissimilar sights. There were pictures of classic Greece, The Elephant, The Sphinx, The Witch's Caldron, The Harp of Erin, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Star-Spangled Banner, with many others that elicited demonstrations of hearty approval.

After this procession was over, at almost eleven o'clock, the participants on the floats, all of whom were of Denver's Four Hundred, repaired to the Broadway Opera House to attend the annual reception of the Serpents. The ballroom was finely decorated with bunting and flags, and the scene was one of dazzling beauty. Every box and seat in the house was filled, and all awaited the moment when the Slaves would announce their choice of a Queen. The Slaves formed two grand columns, facing their King, who sat upon a throne in the shape of a shell dazzling in splendor of silver and gold and ablaze with electric lights. Over it hung the emblem of the order—a mighty silver serpent

resting upon a golden sun; beneath it a scroll inscribed "Slaves of the Silver Serpent." A messenger approached the King and received a letter, and immediately departed down the line, accompanied by two little pages in white satin costumes bearing a white satin cushion on which rested the Queen's crown. Every one knew that the letter contained the name of the fortunate young lady who was to be Queen for '96. The messenger walked around the hall, apparently seeking the Queen among the scores of elegantly gowned women. At length an usher was called to his assistance, and the Queen was escorted, amid cheers, from her box. She was Miss Dora Porter, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Porter, and truly had a queen's beauty and grace. She accepted the honor with becoming dignity, walked down the long ballroom on the arm of a herald, reached the throne, knelt before the King, and was formally crowned the Queen of '96. After this pleasant ceremony was over the Slaves passed in procession before the throne, each pair doing homage to the crowned heads of the evening. When the Slaves broke rank the floor immediately filled with dancers.

On the third day of frivolity the tin-horn was in full blast. A new reign and new order of things began. Burlesque bands filled the streets with music, and all paraders were masked—with the exception of the chief of police and his men. The line of march was lined eight or ten deep with maskers of every conceivable form and figure; shouts of laughter, cheers and jibes, greeted every one. The floats were all parodies on those of the previous parades, and some of them were extremely ridiculous. After the parade the streets were roped off and no vehicle was allowed on the main thoroughfares, for the maskers had taken entire possession of the town. A grand masked ball at the pavilion—and everybody was happy—ended the festivities.—(See page 4.)

W. E. C.



THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, BROOKLYN, WHICH HAS BEEN SET APART FOR ARMY PATIENTS

(Drawn by F. A. CARTER)



FUNERAL OF THE

A MUCH-LOVED EMPRESS

THE esteem in which the Empress of Austria was held by her people was indicated abundantly on the day of the funeral ceremonies at Vienna. The entire city seemed draped in black; veteran sight-seekers and newsgatherers, who had attended notable royal obsequies elsewhere, declared that never before had they seen the color of mourning so generally and profusely used. Not only were public buildings and churches draped in black, but mourning emblems were displayed on residences of all classes of people—not only on the route of the funeral procession, but in every street of the city and suburbs; even in the alleys, where are the hovels of the extremely poor, there was a general display of black. As if to accentuate the show of mourning, the sun shone brightly and the skies were absolutely clear.

At earliest morn the people began to gather about the church—a small one—in the crypt of which is the tomb of the Hapsburgs. All classes were represented in the throng,



AUSTRIAN EMPRESS

which soon became great, although it was known that the remains of the Empress would not be taken to the church until late afternoon. There were no disturbances, no restlessness, but many manifestations of grief. Elsewhere in Vienna there was

much to see, for royalties were arriving all day long, and the Viennese dearly love to look upon great folk. There came the Grandduke Alexis of Russia, the King of Roumania, the Kings of Saxony and Servia, some Italian princes, the Regent of Bavaria, several granddukes and the Emperor of Germany, but the people remained as near as possible to their beloved dead.

Although the route from chapel to church was but half a mile long, the funeral cortège was elaborate and of varied personnel—cavalry, footguards, yeomen, the Empress's servants, and several court carriages. The coffin was of oak, without any decoration, but the funeral car was a very large, ornate, heavily draped vehicle, drawn by eight black horses and surrounded by footmen and pages.

As the procession followed the remains from the Hofburg Chapel to the church, every bell in Vienna began tolling. No ceremony of religion or of formal respect was omitted; but as visible and probably as consoling to the bereaved Emperor was the assurance that his people were grieving with him.

THE PART PLAYED BY WOMEN IN CHINA

THE recent palace revolution at Pekin, which has cost the Emperor Kwangsu his throne, and will probably cost him his life, but the latest of many incidents in the history of China which demonstrate how impossible it is for laws and customs, however rigorous, to extinguish feminine ambition. In the Middle Kingdom, the iron bar of usage has, for upward of four thousand years, precluded the female sex from participation in the public business. In repeated instances, nevertheless, a woman of exceptional intellect and energy, finding herself married to the so-called Son of Heaven, has rebelled against seclusion, and either openly seconded her husband in the management of political affairs, or, deposing him, has exercised the sovereign power in her own name. Some of these precedents may be worth attention, before we glance at the career of the extraordinary woman who has turned them to account, and who, although more than sixty years of age, has now resumed the paramount authority which she has steadily kept in view since the death of her husband, the Emperor Hienfung, in 1861.

The first woman who plays a great role in Chinese history was the Empress Dowager Liuchi, the widow of Kaotsou, the founder of the Han Dynasty, who died 194 B.C., having first carefully instructed his consort as to what was to be done after his death. Kaotsou was succeeded by his son Hoeiti, against whom, however, a formidable intrigue was organized in the palace, on behalf of his half-brother, Chow Wang, by that prince's mother, the secondary Empress Tsai. If, at first, the fate of Hoeiti seemed involved in some uncertainty, all danger was presently averted by his mother's terrible energy. History has forgotten to record in detail the grave features of the conspiracy which threatened the second ruler of the Han Dynasty, while it has minutely

described the crimes or the ruthless preventive measures of Liuchi. We are told of the barbarous treatment which she meted out to the unfortunate Empress Tsai, and of how, having first murdered his guardian, she sent a poisoned bowl to Chow Wang; but no similar light is shed on the plots which had been concocted by her victims, or on the untoward consequences to the nation which would have followed a less resolute mode of dealing with persons who were rebels in thought if not in deed. The fact remains that, by Liuchi's vigor, Hoeiti was saved, and the Han Dynasty was placed on a firm basis. His mother remained the dominant influence at the Court of the young ruler, and, when great vassals came to render personal homage to their Emperor, they found Liuchi practically wielding the scepter, and guiding the affairs of State. Among these was Tao Wang, Prince of Tsai. When this potentate feasted with his sovereign, the Empress Dowager not only insisted on being present, but, also, on being served first to wine, a double breach of etiquette unpardonable in the eyes of well-educated Chinese. The amazement which the Prince could not dissemble marked him out as a man to be got rid of. With a decision as relentless as that imputed to Lucretia Borgia, Liuchi dropped poison into a goblet of wine which she offered to the guest. Her son, the Emperor, perceived the act, and, comprehending her intention, seized the goblet, and was on the point of drinking the wine himself, when his mother snatched it from him, thus at once confessing her design and revealing the danger from which the Prince of Tsai had escaped. Hoeiti enjoyed the possession of the throne only seven years, and, after his death, the Empress Liuchi continued for some time to exercise supreme authority, showing no anxiety to find a successor to the son whose early decease she

seems to have sincerely deplored. Her original plan had been to retain in her own hands as much of the government as possible, but, recognizing the difficulty of monopolizing the imperial power, she strove to diffuse while consolidating her influence by placing her brothers and near relations in high posts. When it turned out that a nominal emperor was needed to assure the fulfillment of her purpose, the daring woman put forward a supposititious child, as the heir of her dead son, and caused herself to be proclaimed Regent during her pretended grandson's minority. From the general content exhibited by the Chinese people, it may be inferred that Liuchi ruled the country without unduly stretching the authority which she had usurped. Years passed on, and the nominal Emperor, whose supposed mother had been murdered because she was not sufficiently pliant to Liuchi's will, grew up to man's estate. He had given signs of the possession of ability, and it was reported that he had used threats of an intention to avenge his mother's death. These words were carried to Liuchi, who immediately caused the young ruler to be shut up in the palace prison. Without even a form of trial, or an attempt at self-justification, the Empress proceeded to get rid of the inconvenient puppet, and set about choosing a successor who would be a more elastic instrument. Perils now gathered around her, however, and we know not whether she would have succumbed to them, when the question was settled by her sudden death. The story goes that, walking in her palace one day, meditating upon the best mode of overcoming her opponents, she was confronted by the apportion of the victims of her ambition, and died from fright at the reminder of her crimes. It is more probable that this Chinese counterpart of Lady Macbeth fell under the knife of an assassin.

The next memorable example of feminine capacity and ambition was a widow, who was considerably more than thirty when her opportunity came. Kaotsong, of the Tang Dynasty, began to reign A.D. 650. When he had been five years on the throne, he resolved to marry the Princess Wou, one of the widows of his father, the Emperor Taitsong. This lady had retired into a Buddhist convent after the death of her first lord, and Kaotsong encountered strenuous opposition from his Ministers when he announced his intention of making her his consort. The sovereign was determined, however, to have his own way, and, in A.D. 655, his lawful Empress was deposed to give place to the Princess Wou. The latter's first act showed the ascendancy she had acquired over her lover, who soon became a tool in her ambitious hands. Distrusting the influence which the deposed Empress and another of the principal concubines might still retain over her husband's mind, Wou came to the conclusion that it would be prudent to sweep them from her path, while Kaotsong's passion for her was still ardent. At her command, accordingly, the unhappy women were cast into a vase filled with wine, their hands and feet having been previously cut off. The new Empress then turned her attention to the thwarting of the plans formed for her overthrow by her numerous enemies. Those magnates who proved hostile to her interests were deposed from their positions and cast into prison, where the steel or the cup soon freed the Chinese Catherine II. from apprehensions on their score. Her next proceeding was to assume some of the functions of supreme authority. At first, she put herself forward merely as a helpmate of the Emperor in his labors, and, being quick in comprehending questions of State, she became of great use to her husband as a counselor. The Empress exhibited uncommon tact in the manner in which she led on Kaotsong from one concession to another, until, at length, he virtually retired from the position of sovereign, preserving, indeed, the rank, but leaving in his wife's hands the reality of power. Under her sway the Chinese authority was maintained in Central Asia at the greatest height to which it had yet attained. A fugitive Prince of Persia resided for a time at her capital, and the Arab conquerors of that country sent an embassy to solicit her good-will. No fewer than three embassies were despatched to her from kings of India. It was her generals, also, who subjugated the Coreans, although the latter were aided by the Japanese, and, until long after her death, Corea remained a Chinese possession. In A.D. 683, the position of the Empress Wou was threatened by Kaotsong's death. Chongtsong, the eldest son, was proclaimed Emperor, in accordance with his father's will, but he reigned only a few days. The Empress Wou availed herself of a decree issued in favor of the family of the new Emperor's wife to take steps for his deposition, and, having quickly executed her purpose, she banished him and resumed the exercise of supreme power. She put forward, indeed, another Prince, as the nominal sovereign, and ruled in his name, but he was only a shadow. She transacted all public business, received in her own person petitions, and even erected temples to her ancestors; she wore the robes of State restricted to an Emperor, and, as such, offered sacrifice to the great God of all. Though a woman among a people that despised womankind as intensely as has ever any race on earth, she seized all the attributes of power handed down to the Celestial Emperors from immemorial antiquity, and, if she is to be judged by her acts, it must be acknowledged that the dignity of the throne was upheld by her in a manner becoming a great prince. She succumbed, at last, to the weight of eighty winters. In A.D. 704, when she was confined to her bed by a serious illness, her enemies broke into her chamber, and compelled her to resign the insignia of royalty. She died the next year, leaving the mark of her influence deeply imprinted on the history of the period, and standing forth in the eyes of posterity as the woman who ruled the Chinese with a strong hand during the more than forty years that elapsed after the time when Kaotsong resigned his power into her hands.

The achievements of Liuchi and of Wou were familiar as household words to the present Empress Dowager Tsi An, when, by the death of her husband, the Emperor Hienfung, in 1861, she was left a widow at the age of twenty-seven. She had not been the principal wife of the late sovereign; that place, under the present

dynasty, is always reserved for a lady of pure Manchu lineage, and, in this instance, had been held by the Empress Tsi Tshi. The Empress Tsi An had been only one of the secondary wives, or concubines; she was a Chinese lady, highly educated and possessed of uncommon beauty as well as remarkable ability. Hienfung, when dying, had left the governing authority during the minority of his son, a child less than six years old, to a Board of Regency, which, however, was soon overthrown by a conspiracy organized in the name of the Empress Tsi Tshi, but carried out mainly through the vigor of her far cleverer coadjutor, the Empress Tsi An. A rescript signed by the child Emperor, who was made to assume the name of Tungche, announced that, although there was no precedent in the time of the Manchu Dynasty for the regency of an Empress Dowager, he created one in the person of the Empress Tsi Tshi, with whom, however, Tsi An was soon formally associated. It was under the domination of these ladies during Tungche's minority that the Taiping rebellion in the Yangtsze Valley and the Mohammedan

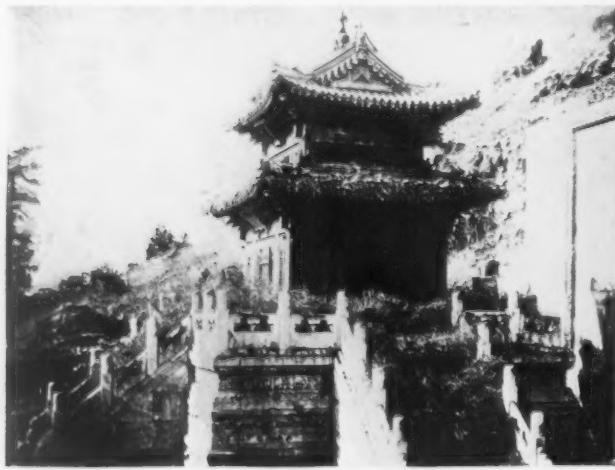
made known that Tungche had "ascended upon the Dragon, to be a guest on high," without leaving any offspring to succeed him. There were reports that he was the victim of foul play; what is certain is that his decease was eminently favorable to the interests of the two Empresses and of their temporary vizier, Prince Kung. They at once resumed the open exercise of supreme authority, which they had resigned only a little more than twelve months before. The most suspicious circumstance connected with the event was the treatment of the young Empress Ahluta, who was known to be pregnant at the time of her husband's death. Instead of waiting to see whether Tungche's posthumous child would prove to be a son or a daughter, the Dowager Empresses hastened to make another selection, and to place the young widow of the deceased sovereign in prison, where she presently sickened and died before her child was born. The choice of the Empresses fell upon a boy four years old, the son of Prince Chung, the so-called Seventh Prince, who, on January 13, 1875, was proclaimed Emperor under the name of Kwangsu. The child's nominal accession was followed by a conflict of authority between the two Empresses and the palace eunuchs, but the vigorous measures of Tsi An soon put an end to the intrigues of the latter. In the course of the next six years, the Empresses re-established Chinese authority in Eastern Turkestan, reconquered Kashgar, and secured from Russia the retrocession of Ili by the treaty signed at St. Petersburg on February 12, 1881. A few months thereafter, one of the two Regents died. This was the Empress Tsi Tshi, the principal widow of the Emperor Hienfung, and the nominal senior of the two ladies carrying on the Government. Her illness, like that of many another conspicuous personage at the Pekin Court, was short and sudden; she was only forty-five when she died. Her more capable and ambitious colleague, the Empress Tsi An, who had been, as we have said, only the concubine of Hienfung, survived to carry on the administration. She has been ever since, and she remains to-day, the most potent individuality in China. It was not until 1889, when Kwangsu was in his eighteenth year, that he was permitted to marry Yehlonala, the daughter of a Manchu general; the young girl had been carefully selected by the Empress Dowager out of a multitude of candidates, and has thus far escaped the fate of the unfortunate Ahluta. On this occasion, the Empress Regent ostensibly resigned her public authority, but, although she passed into a retreat and resided for a time outside of Pekin, she still retained the substance of power, and ruled her adopted son, and the whole Court, with rod of iron. Henceforth, her chosen instrument was Li Hung Chang, and, after his temporary disgrace, which soon followed the ostensible assumption of power by Kwangsu, it was only her protection that prevented his losing his head. It was she that caused Li to be appointed Plenipotentiary to negotiate the peace with Japan in 1895, and he disclosed to whom he felt that he really owed allegiance, when he assured the Japanese Government that his treatment at its hands would be satisfactory to his "Imperial Mistress." The recent palace revolution at Pekin was undoubtedly due to the attempt of the Emperor Kwangsu to assert his authority, in pursuance of which purpose he removed Li Hung Chang from the principal office held by that veteran politician. The Empress Dowager perceived that the blow was really aimed at her, and, unluckily for himself, the Emperor had given her a pretext for striking back effectually. He had announced by a vermilion rescript a project of educational reform, the gist of which was the displacement of the Confucian classics by the study of European science. Taking advantage of a proposed innovation which gave irreparable offense to the whole body of Mandarins and literati, the Empress Tsi An organized a *coup d'état*, seized the person of Kwangsu, and compelled him to sign a decree recalling her to public functions. Since then, the unfortunate sovereign is alleged to have been stricken with illness, and we may, presently, expect to hear of his untimely death.

The Empress Tsi An is once more the undisputed mistress of China, and, as she is but sixty-four years old, she, undoubtedly, looks forward to a long tenure of power. She hopes, presumably, to rival the experience of the Empress Wou, who, as we have seen, was an octogenarian when her long and illustrious reign came to an end.

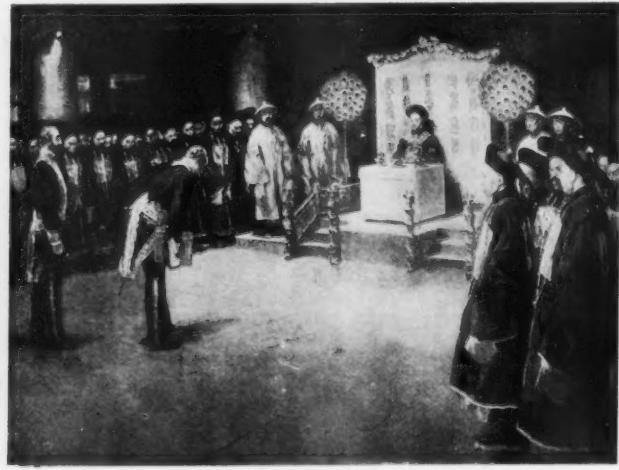


KANG, THE FUGITIVE REFORMER

insurrection in Yunnan were suppressed. In October, 1872, the young Emperor, having reached his sixteenth birthday, was married to Ahluta, a Manchu lady of good family. Four months later, Tungche assumed personal control of his dominions by a decree in which he stated that he had received the commands of their Majesties, the two Empresses, to undertake the superintendence of business. Only for a short time was he suffered to exhibit the semblance of power. In September, 1874, he ventured to announce by a Vermilion Edict that, for using "language in many respects unbecoming," he degraded Prince Kung, who, at that time, was a favorite of the two Empresses. Tungche was instantly compelled to retract what he had done; on the very next day, a decree appeared reinstating Prince Kung in his hereditary rank. The two great ladies thus asserted an absolute right of control over the young Emperor's actions. Not long after this disturbance in the interior of the palace, there were ominous rumors that the health of the Emperor Tungche was in a precarious state, and, in December, it was announced that he was seriously ill. The disease seems to have been of a malignant nature, for, on January 12, 1875, it was



TEMPLE IN SUMMER PALACE, PEKIN



THE EMPEROR RECEIVING THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

THE PURPLE BALUSTRADE

IF IN the Spaces Infinite, to whi h we fare,
There is a purple balustrade, where dusk meets day,
Though frustrate in all else, I shall not care,
For to the Love, that holds us, I shall say—
“Let me sit here a little while,
Let me sit here a very little while.”
And to the Law, that guides us, I shall say—
“Let cease for me the song of spheres, that roll
below;
Let me not know the fragrant Aramanth, I pray,
Let me forget the swinging stars,” and so
I shall sit there a little while,
I shall sit there a very little while.
Then if I can forget the grave from which I came,
And lean across the bondage of the mists that rise,
I may remember how my Earth-lights flame
Our candle and the Love-light in your eyes.
And so find Paradise awhile,
At every dusk, a very little while.

—FLAVIAN ROSSER.



OUR NOTE-BOOK

ROPS has gone. So also has Mallarmé. The fact would have been recorded earlier were it not that this is the notary's first appearance since the war. Their death is less remote. Whether hereafter they will live is a detail. Neither charmed, yet each interested. Rops was an artist with the brush, Mallarmé with the pen. The one tried to be impossible, the other to be obscure. Both succeeded. There, apart from the fact that they were both Parisians of Paris, the similarity ends. In private life Mallarmé, strictly academic, resembled a prosperous greengrocer. As he looked, he talked. His conversation was alarmingly dull. Rops' private life was passed in public. In appearance he suggested the Marquis de Sade, and in his work occasionally lived down to the model. The orgie is there, and with it the cruel. Mallarmé sang. What he meant no one has ever known. It may be that he did not even know himself. He sang as a bird sings, because he could not help himself, out of sheer wantonness, and in the singing produced bars of pure harmony. Behind them are visions perhaps, evocations of that which he called the *splendeurs antiques*. Yet the sense of it all is so fugacious that no two people have been able to construe a line alike. It is style gone mad—the sacrifice of everything for the beauty of form. In spite of which, or, rather, precisely on that account, he founded a school, technically the Symbolistic, vulgarly the Decadent, of which the chief tenet is that vowels have colors, that it is the duty of the poet to group them, and that anything else is merely literature and nothing more.



Rops had other fish to fry. To explain his work a paragraph is insufficient, and a gallery would be too much. Besides, a display of the larger portion could not be conveniently effected in any nearer locality than Japan. Just as the fancy of Mallarmé turned to the tender and the obscure, he was hallucinated by the horrible and the grotesque. The poet fell asleep in antiquity and made his readers yawn. The artist awoke in the middle ages and made the spectators slumber. Mallarmé pictured green afternoons in Arcady, where fauns frolicked and lilies grew. Rops presented Baal Zebub cultivating what the Devil is supposed to raise. His best known work represents Satan sowing tares. A description of it may suffice. The scene is Paris at night. There, a gigantic peasant looms. His feet, shod with wooden sabots, rest, the one on remote roofs, the other on Notre Dame. Below, between his legs, the Seine crawls. Behind him glints the moon. With his left hand he raises an apron in which are the seeds of sin. With the right hand, with a gesture that touches the sky, he scatters them broadcast on the sleeping town. That which is notable is the expression of the face, the jubilation sardonic and chill of the demon who knows what the seeds will do, who knows that the harvest is sure, and who smiles in advance at the luxuriance of the crop of crime. Considered as a decoration, opinions concerning it differ. But as a work of art, it is at least eloquent, and not altogether severe.



THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, whether among the quick or the dead, whether at present a Guest of Heaven or still a prisoner on the Dragon Seat, is, after all, but the Nephew of his Aunt. It is the dowager who is alone important. In the portrait gallery of history her place is assured. There she will be labeled the Lucretia Borgia of Cathay. Her claims to that cataloguing, if circumstantial, are concise. First is the passing of her husband, or rather, her husband by courtesy, the Emperor Hienfung, who mysteriously vacated the planet leaving two widows, the Empress Tsi Tshi; this lady, the Empress Tsi An, and a decree proclaiming his son, Tungche, then a child, as ruler. During the boy's mi-

nority the co-widows became co-regents. At the age of sixteen Tungche married Ahluta, a Manchu princess, and ascended the throne. A little later, in the same mysterious fashion which had attended his father's departure, he too vacated the planet. It is no time Ahluta followed. With her went an unborn child—the presumptive heir. The next in succession was Hienfung's nephew, Kwangsu. The fact that the latter was an infant in arms necessitated the replacing of the government in commission, and the Dowager Empresses became regents once more. But not for long. Between the two ladies a quarrel occurred. Presently Tsi Tshi mysteriously sickened, and as mysteriously died. Tsi An was then sole regent. In 1889 Kwangsu attained his majority, and, nominally at least, his aunt retired behind the scenes. There she and her right bower drank tea. What their form of talk was, whether they chatted in Manchu or in Muscovite, is immaterial. The result, however, is obvious. Kwangsu has been eliminated. On the Dragon Throne now sits Tsi An. At her side is Li Unhung Chang. As a tableau the spectacle is significant. As a display of Chinese fire crackers it is unique.

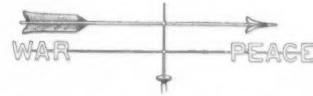


M. DE ROUGEMONT, the French gentleman who speaks English with a German accent, and who, after a thirty-year residence on the Sea of Timor, recently turned up in the pages of the "Wide World," continues to contribute to the humor of nations and the gaiety of the press. Born with an honest imagination and a love of misadventure, fate conducted him to a coral reef and left him there with but a dog and a New Testament. The former he found preferable to any human being he had ever met, while the theological difficulties which he encountered in the latter fully occupied his leisure. For amusement he rode turtles, steering them with kicks in the eye, built a house of pearl shells, made a hammock of sharks' hide, and played the highwayman with pelicans, whom he robbed of their fish. For visitors he had parrots, and for almanacs stones. In this fashion the years fell by. Ultimately savages appeared, who, on beholding him, fancied that they were dead, and that he was the Great Spirit. If that is not an example of honest imagination, one may wonder what is. But now the plot thickens. Conducted by the aborigines to the mainland, he there became chief of the tribe, rescued white girls from black men, discovered gullies of gold and ditches of diamonds, conciliated recalcitrant cannibals by throwing handsprings and sunmersaults, found a newspaper, read in it that the deputies of Alsace had refused to vote in the German Parliament, marveled at the statement, for he knew nothing of the war of 1870, and as much perplexed by the political enigma of it as he had been by theological difficulties, left scepter, diamonds, gold and girls behind, made for Melbourne, shipped for London before the mast, and landed safe and sound in the office of the "World Wide Magazine." Everything being possible, it may all be true. The northwestern corner of Australia, where, as chief, he resided, is a region still unexplored. Moreover, was not Bruce disbelieved and Du Chaillu floated? The eccentricity of the story consists in the fact that a gentleman who reached Melbourne with such first-class copy in his head should have been compelled to work his way to London. *Mais nul n'est prophète.* The story of R. Crusoe de Rougemont-Munichausen is at least entertaining, and his handspring device for charming the enemy may, with entire deference, be commended to General Shafter for future use at the front.



LUCCHENI, the unimportant reptile who made way with Elizabeth of Austria, is reported by the Swiss press to be in receipt of congratulatory postcards. The circumstance is worth noting. It arouses that feeling of indignation which the despots of long ago knew so well how to appreciate. It was an art they had, one which civilization has lost on the way, and more is the pity, too. Were those famous old chaps here to-day, Lucceni, his admirers and fellow Thugs would get the wheel; they would be leisurely rolled over long rows of sharp nails, and, with that for preliminary, they would be seated on red-hot chairs, and there hooded with metal at white heat. It would be none too good for them either. Yet, after the wheel, and before the chair, it might be serviceable to the them to a post, and then, while they tried to get loose, to gimlet them there with the broken spirals of big screws. Apropos to which, the "St. James Gazette," in recent issue, states that the mere act of belonging to an anarchist society should be made a capital offense. Elsewhere it has been objected that the penalty is too lenient, that in executions as conducted at present these vermin would not necessarily feel themselves die. As a matter of fact, where hanging is properly conducted, or electricity scientifically applied, death may not be instantaneous, but consciousness ceases at once. The effect of the guillotine is different. Experiments conducted at La Roquette have shown that after decapitation the brain, nourished with residuary blood, retains its faculties for at least an hour. The powers of thought, hearing, sight and smell endure. The head

makes no movement. It can't. The nerves which acted as its servants are gone. But the others remain. This being so, the "Massachusetts Medical Journal" asks: "Could any form of death be more merciful?" Hardly. And on that account it is the remedy indicated for anarchism and anarchists.



EX-Secretary JOHN G. CARLISLE expresses himself in the current "Harper's" as opposed to imperialism. The opinions of this gentleman are always well worth attention, not merely because they are sound, but because of the ability with which they are presented. But in the present instance they seem to lack the *audace* movement of the day. It may be, as he says, that expansion will entail a variety of discomforts, but there is a French adage which says, *Il faut souffrir pour être belle*; and there is another in Italian which runs, *Che non soffre non vince*. Seely said that England conquered and colonized half the world in a fit of absent-mindedness. A fit of abstraction would perhaps be better. But however it was accomplished, there she is mistress of one-third of the surface of the globe, and hungry for more. And there, too, is Russia, who, after relative insignificance, is to-day master of one-seventh of the map. The possibility of discomfort, of taxes, of conscription, of war footing, and the odd shillings and ha'pence, did not alarm these countries in the least. The inhabitants of the one don't think much. The inhabitants of the other don't think at all. But they both of them act. The result which they have achieved is clear; so too is the policy behind them, and the understanding by which that policy has been directed: to wit, that as with species so with nations, it is the fittest that survive. Mr. Carlisle, it should be noted, discusses the present. But it is the future that is important, and the present only in that in it the future resides.



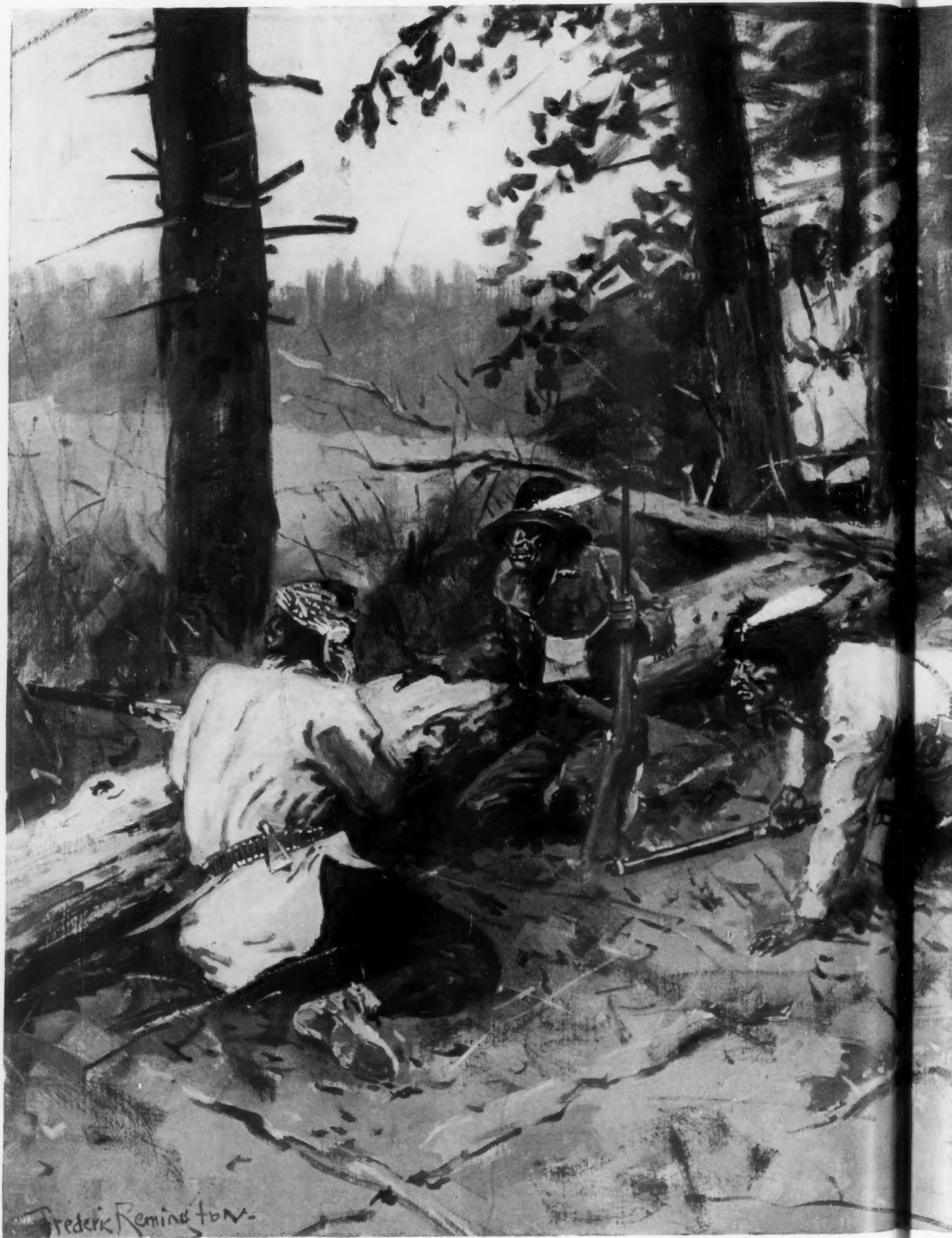
HIS EXCELLENCE AND HIGHNESS, the Paduka (the Pantata), the Majasari (the Pure), Muhammad Harun Narrasid, Sultan of Sulu, returning recently from a pilgrimage to Mecca, had his crown flitched in a Singapore hotel. What of it? But at least one may be sorry. Besides, his Excellency is a prospective citizen of the United States. The territory over which he reigns squats south of Luzon, and next door to Mindanao. An archipelago itself, it is part and parcel of the Philippines. The Sultan, who is the vassal lord of all he surveys, received from Spain, in return for his recognition of her sovereignty, the title of lieutenant-general, which he never uses, and a pension of twenty-four hundred dollars, which is yet to be paid. His palace, pleasantly situated at Maybun, is a big bungalow of bamboo. Tourists who have ventured there have left a hand by way of souvenir. The interior they have described as fitted with flowers and sultanas. The flowers were recognizably of the sub-tropical variety, and the supposition is that the sultanas are too. The costume of these ladies is a commingling of the fashions of the East and of the West—shirts and trousers. The costume of the Sultan is less exotic. It consists in silk tights, a crimson sash, a jacket of asparagus-green, and a crown. It is the latter which he has just lost. In view of the deliberations now going on in Paris, the circumstance is instructive. Coming events cast their shadows before.



MME. GRAND, writing recently on the choice of wives and husbands, states that because a man happens to make love to a girl nicely the young person should not for that reason believe that he can keep it up until dead do them part. Mme. Grand is quite right. It is easier to be witty now and then than all the time. Mme. Grand adds that men should have their wives selected for them. There, also, she is right. The angel who over twenty appeals, at thirty has been known to appall. Even so, the fact does not help matters. In the abstract, matrimony is the ideal state, and the choice of a partner is a pastime more alluring than any which Nature has devised. In the concrete, however, matrimony is just what we find it, and the choice of a partner an operation which has to be gone over three or four times before one really knows how. Mme. Grand intimates that in the process we lose our illusions. But of course we do, and with them our umbrellas and our hair. The point is not to have any, to recognize that matrimony consists in three months of adoration, three months of introspection, thirty years of toleration, with the children to begin it all over anew. After which, in the fullness of wisdom and the ripeness of judgment, one may sit down, or even stand up, and dictate magazine articles by way of danger signals to the young, convinced, in so doing, that they will pay no more attention to them than we did when possessed of our umbrellas, our illusions, and our hair.

EDGAR SALTUS

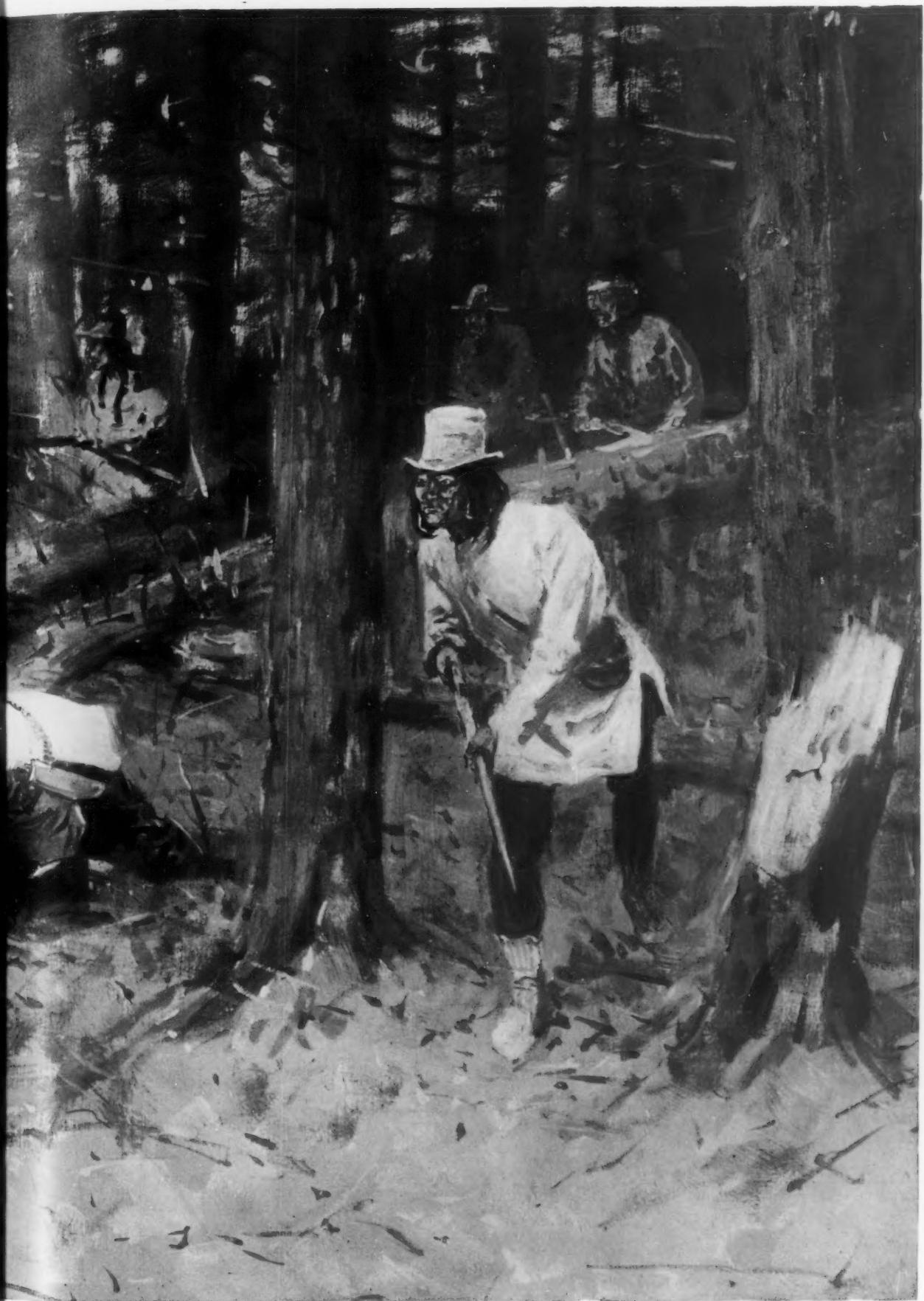
COLLIER'S WEEKLY



MAJOR WILKINSON

THE FIGHT
PILLAGER CHIPPEWAS ATTACKING COMPANY E, THIRD U.S. INFANTRY
(PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON)

ER'S WEEKLY



THE FIGHT ON BEAR ISLAND

THIRD U. S. INFANTRY, BREVET-MAJOR M. C. WILKINSON COMMANDING, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 5—(See page 6)
(PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON)

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ADVENTURES OF A. J. RAFFLES—VI

BY E. W. HORNUNG

THE GIFT OF THE EMPEROR



HEN the King of the Cannibal Islands made faces at Queen Victoria, and his European counterpart set the cables tingling with his compliments on the exploit, the indignation in England was not less than the surprise, for the thing was not so common as it has since become. But when it transpired that a gift of peculiar significance was to follow the congratulatory, to give them weight, the inference prevailed that the white potentate and the black had taken simultaneous leave of their fourteen senses. For the gift was a pearl of price unparalleled, picked afloat by British cutlasses from a Polynesian setting and presented by British royalty to the monarch who seized this opportunity of restoring it to its original possessor.

The incident would have been a godsend to the Press a few weeks later. Even in June there were leaders, letters, large headlines, leaded type; the "Daily Chronicle" devoting half its literary page to a charming drawing of the island capital which the new "Pall Mall," in a leading article headed by a pun, advised the Government to blow to bladders. I, myself, was driving a poor but honest pen at the time, and the topic of the hour goaded me into satiric verse, which obtained a better place than anything I had yet turned out. I had let my flat in town, and taken inexpensive quarters at Thames Ditton, on the plea of a disinterested passion for the river.

"First-rate, old boy!" said Raffles (who would come and see me there), lying back in the boat while I sculled and steered. "I suppose they pay you pretty well for these, eh?"

"Not a penny."

"Nonsense, Bunny! I thought they paid so well? Give them time, and you'll get your check."

"No, I shan't," said I gloomily. "I've got to be content with the honor of getting in; the editor wrote to say so, in so many words," I added. "But I gave the gentleman his distinguished name."

"You don't mean to say you've written for payment already?"

No; it was the last thing I had intended to admit. But I had done it. The murder was out; there was no sense in further concealment. I had written for my money because I really needed it; if he must know, I was cursedly hard up. Raffles nodded as though he knew already. I warmed to my woes. It was no easy matter to keep your end up as a raw freelance of letters; for my part, I was afraid I wrote neither well enough nor ill enough for success. I suffered from a persistent, ineffectual feeling after style. Verse I could manage; but it did not pay. To personal paragraphs and the baser journalism I could not and I would not stoop.

Raffles nodded again, this time with a smile that stayed in his eyes as he leaned back watching me. I knew that he was thinking of other things I had stooped to, and I thought I knew what he was going to say. He had said it before so often; he was sure to say it again. I had my answer ready, but evidently he was tired of asking the same question. His lids fell, he took up the paper he had dropped, and I sculled the length of the old red wall of Hampton Court before he spoke again.

"And they gave you nothing for these? My dear Bunny, they're capital, not only *qua* verses, but for crystallizing your subject and putting it in a nutshell. Certainly you've taught me more about it than I knew before. But is it really worth fifty thousand pounds—a single pearl?"

"A hundred, I believe; but that wouldn't scan."

"A hundred thousand pounds!" said Raffles, with his eyes shut. And again I made certain what was coming, but again I was mistaken. "If it's worth all that," he cried at last, "there would be no getting rid of it at all; it's not like a diamond that you can subdivide. But I beg your pardon, Bunny. I was for getting."

And we said no more about the emperor's gift; for pride thrives on an empty pocket, and no privation would have drawn from me the proposal which I had expected Raffles to make. My expectation had been half a hope, though I only knew it now. And neither did we touch again on what Raffles professed to have forgotten—my "apostasy," my "lapse into virtue," as he used to call it. We were both a little silent, a little constrained, each preoccupied with his own thoughts. It was months since we had met, and, as I saw him off toward eleven o'clock that Sunday night, I fancied it was for more months that we were saying good-by.

But as we waited for the train I saw those clear eyes peering at me under the station lamps, and when I met their glance Raffles shook his head.

"You don't look well on it, Bunny," said he. "I never did believe in this Thames Valley. You want a change of air."

I wished I might get it.

"What you really want is a sea voyage."

"And a winter at St. Moritz; or do you recommend

Cannes or Cairo? It's all very well, old chap, but you forget what I told you about my funds."

"I forgot nothing. I merely don't want to hurt your feelings. But, look here, a sea voyage you shall have. I want one myself, and you shall come with me as my guest. We'll spend July in the Mediterranean!"

"But you're playing cricket—"

"Hang the cricket!"

"Well, if I thought you meant it—"

"Of course I mean it. Will you come?"

"Like a shot—if you go."

And I shook his hand, and waved mine in farewell, with the perfectly good-humored conviction that I should hear no more of the matter. It was a passing thought, no more, no less. I soon wished it were more; that week found me wishing myself out of England, for good and all. I was making nothing. I could but subsist on the difference between the rent I paid for my flat and the rent at which I had sublet it, furnished, for the season. And the season was near its end, and creditors awaited me in town. Was it possible to be entirely honest? I had run no bills when I had money in my pocket, and the more downright dishonesty seemed to me the less ignoble.

But from Raffles, of course, I heard nothing more; a week went by, and half another week; then, late on the second Wednesday night, I found a telegram from Raffles at my lodgings, after seeking him vainly in town and dining with desperation at the solitary club to which I still belonged.

"Arrange to leave Waterloo by North German Lloyd special," he wired, "9.25 a.m. Monday next. Will meet you Southampton aboard 'Uhljan' with tickets. Am writing."

And write he did, a light-hearted letter enough, but full of serious solicitude for me and my health and prospects; a letter that touched me the more in the light of our past relations, in the twilight of their complete rupture. He said that he had booked two berths to Naples, that we were bound for Capri, which was clearly the Island of the Lotos-eaters, and that we would bask there together, "and for a while forget." It was a charming letter. I had never seen Italy; the privilege of initiation should be his. No mistake was greater than to deem it an impossible country for the summer. The Bay of Naples was never so divine, and he wrote of "faery lands forlorn," as though the poetry sprang unbidden to his pen. To come back to earth and prose, I might think it unpatriotic of him to choose a German boat, but on no other line did you receive such attention and accommodation for your money. There was a hint of better reasons. Raffles wrote, as he had telegraphed, from Bremen; and I gathered that the personal use of some little influence with the authorities there had resulted in a material reduction in our fares.

Imagine my excitement and delight! I managed to pay what I owed at Thames Ditton, to squeeze a small editor for a very small check, and my tailors for one more flannel suit. And I had broken my last sovereign to get a box of Sullivan's cigarettes for Raffles to smoke on the voyage. But my heart was as light as my purse on the Monday morning, the fairest morning of an unfair summer, when the special whirled me through the sunshine to the sea.

A tender awaited us at Southampton. Raffles was not on board, nor did I really look for him till we reached the liner's side. And then I looked in vain. His face was not among the many that fringed the rail; his hand was not of the few that waved to friends. I climbed aboard in a sudden heaviness. I had no ticket, nor the money to pay for one. I did not even know the number of my room. My heart was in my mouth as I waylaid a steward and asked if a Mr. Raffles was on board. Thank Heaven—he was! But where? The man did not know, was plainly on some other errand, and a hunting I had to go. But there was no sign of him on the promenade deck, and none below in the saloon; the smoking-room was empty but for a little German with a red mustache twisted into his eyes; nor was the fellow in his own cabin, whither I inquired my way in desperation, and where the sight of his own name on the baggage was certainly a further reassurance. Why he himself kept in the background, however, I could not conceive, and only sinister reasons would suggest themselves in explanation.

"So there you are! I've been looking for you all over the ship!"

Despite the graven prohibition, I had tried the bridge as a last resort, and there, indeed, was A. J. Raffles, seated on a skylight, and leaning over one of the officers' long chairs, in which reclined a girl in a white drill coat and skirt, a slim girl with a pale skin, dark hair, and very remarkable eyes. So much I noted as he rose and quickly turned; thereupon I could think of nothing but the swift grimace which preceded a start of well-feigned astonishment.

"Why—Bunny?" cried Raffles. "Is it really *you*?"

I stammered something as he pinched my hand.

"And are you coming in this ship? And to Naples, too? Well, upon my word! Miss Werner, may I introduce you?"

And he did so without a blush, describing me as an old schoolfellow whom he had not seen for months,

with willful circumstance and gratuitous detail that filled me at once with confusion, suspicion, and revolt. I felt myself blushing for us both, and I did not care. My address utterly deserted me, and I made no effort to recover it, to carry the thing off. All I would do was to mumble such words as Raffles actually put into

my mouth, and that I doubt not with a thoroughly evil grace.

"So you saw my name in the list of passengers and came in search of me? Good old Bunny! I say, though, I wish you'd share my cabin. I've got a beauty on the promenade deck, but they wouldn't promise to keep me by myself. We ought to see about it before they shove in some alien, and in any case we shall have to get out of this."

For a quartermaster had entered the wheelhouse, and even while we had been speaking the pilot had taken possession of the bridge; as we descended, the tender left us with flying handkerchiefs and shrill good-byes; and as we bowed to Miss Werner on the promenade deck, there came a deep, slow throbbing underfoot, and our voyage had begun.

It did not begin pleasantly between Raffles and me. On deck he had overborne my stubborn perplexity by dint of a forced though forceful joviality; in his cabin the gloves were off.

"You idiot," he snarled, "you've given me away again!"

"How have I given you away?"

I ignored the fresh insult in his last word.

"How? I should have thought any clod could see that I meant us to meet by chance!"

"After taking both tickets yourself?"

"They know nothing about that on board; besides, I hadn't decided when I took the tickets."

"Then you should have let me know when you did decide. You lay your plans, and never say a word, and expect me to tumble to them by light of nature. How was I to know you had anything on?"

I had turned the tables to some purpose. Raffles almost hung his head.

"The fact is, Bunny," said he, "I didn't mean you to know. You—you've grown such a pious rabbit in your old age!"

My nickname and his tone went far to mollify me, other things went further, but I had much to forgive him still.

"If you were afraid of writing," I pursued, "you should have stuck me up and given me the tip the moment I set foot on board. I would have taken it all right. I am not so virtuous as all that."

Was it my imagination, or did Raffles look slightly ashamed? If so, it was for the first and last time in all the years I knew him; nor can I swear to it even now.

"That," said he, "was the very thing I meant to do—to lie in wait in my room and get you as you passed. But—"

"You were better engaged?"

"Say otherwise."

"The charming Miss Werner?"

"She is quite charming."

"Most Australian girls are," said I, dryly.

"How did you know she was one?" he cried.

"I heard her speak."

"Brute!" said Raffles, laughing. "It was a poor shot of yours; she has no more twang than you have. Her people are German, she has been to school in Dresden, and is on her way out alone."

"Money?" I inquired.

"Confound you!" he said, and, though he was laughing, I thought it was a point at which the subject might be changed.

"Well," I said, "it wasn't for Miss Werner you wanted us to play strangers, was it? You have some deeper game than this, eh?"

"I suppose I have."

"Then hadn't you better tell me what it is?"

Raffles treated me to the old cautious scrutiny that I knew so well; the very familiarity of it, after all these months, set me smiling in a way that might have reassured him; for dimly already I divined his enterprise.

"It won't send you off in the pilot's boat, Bunny?"

"Not quite!"

"Then—you remember the pearl you wrote the—"

"I did not wait for him to finish his sentence."

"You've got it!" I cried, my face on fire, for I caught sight of it that moment in the stateroom mirror.

Raffles seemed taken aback.

"No yet," said he; "but I mean to have it before we get to Naples."

"Is it on board?"

"Yes."

"But how—where—who's got it?"

"A little German officer, a whipper-snapper with perpendicular mustaches."

"I saw him in the smokeroom."

"That's the chap; he's always there. Herr Capitan Wilhelm von Heumann, if you look in the list. Well, he's the special envoy of the emperor, and he's taking the pearl out with him!"

"You found this out in Bremen?"

"No, in Berlin, from a newspaper man I know there. I'm ashamed to tell you, Bunny, that I went there on purpose."

I burst out laughing.

"You needn't be ashamed. You are doing the very thing I was rather hoping you were going to propose the other day on the river."

"You were *hoping* it?" said Raffles, with his eyes wide open. Indeed, it was his turn to show surprise, and mine to be much more ashamed than I felt.

"Yes," I answered. "I was quite keen on the idea, but I wasn't going to propose it."

"Yet you would have listened to me the other day?"

Certainly I would, and I told him so without reserve—not brazenly, you understand; not even now with the gusto of a man who savors such an adventure for its own sake, but doggedly, defiantly, through my teeth, as one who had tried to live honestly and failed. And, while I was about it, I told him much more. Eloquently enough, I dare say, I gave him chapter and verse of my hopeless struggle, my inevitable defeat; for hopeless and inevitable they were to a man with my record, even though that record was written only in one's own soul. It was the old story of the thief trying to turn honest man; the thing was an effort against nature, and there was an end of it.

Raffles entirely disagreed with me. He shook his head over my conventional view. Human nature was a board of checkers; why not submit one's self to alternate black and white? Why desire to be all one thing or the other, like our forefathers on the stage or in the old-fashioned fiction? For his part, he enjoyed himself on all squares of the board, and liked the light the better for the shade. My conclusion he considered absurd.

"But you err in good company, Bunny, for all the cheap moralists who preach the same twaddle—old Virgil was the first and worst offender of you all. I back myself to climb out of Averno any day I like, and sooner or later I shall climb out for good. I suppose I can't very well turn myself into a limited liability company; but I could retire and settle down and live blamelessly ever after. I'm not sure that it couldn't be done on this pearl alone!"

"Then you don't still think it too remarkable to sell?"

"We might take a fishery and haul it up with smaller frv. It would come after months of ill luck, just as we were going to sell the schooner; by Jove, it would be the talk of the Pacific!"

"Well, we've got to get it first. Is this Von Heumann a formidable cuss?"

"More so than he looks; and he has the cheek of the devil!"

As he spoke, a white drill skirt fluttered past the open stateroom door, and I caught a glimpse of an upturned mustache beyond.

"But is he the chap we have to deal with? Won't the pearl be in the purser's keeping?"

Raffles stood at the door, frowning out upon the Solent, but for an instant he turned to me with a sniff.

"My good fellow, do you suppose the whole ship's company knows there's a gem like that aboard? You said that it was worth a hundred thousand pounds; in Berlin they say it's priceless. I doubt if the skipper himself knows that Von Heumann has it on him."

"And ho has?"

"Must have."

"Then we have only him to deal with." He answered me without a word; something white was fluttering past once more, and Raffles, stepping forth, made the promenaders three.

II.

I NEVER wish to set foot aboard a liner steamship than the "Uhlans" of the Norddeutscher Lloyd, to meet a kindlier gentleman than the then commander, or better fellows than his officers. This much at least let me have the grace to admit. I hated the voyage. It was no fault of anybody connected with the ship; it was no fault of the weather, which was monotonously ideal. Not even in my own heart did the reason reside; conscience and I were divorced at last, and the decree made absolute. With my scruples had fled all fear, and I was ready to revel between bright skies and sparkling sea with the light-hearted detachment of Raffles himself. It was Raffles himself who prevented me, but not Raffles alone. It was Raffles and that Colonial minx on her way home from school.

What he could see in her—but that begs the question. I resented her success with Raffles, of whom in consequence I saw less and less each day. It is a mean thing to have to confess, but there must have been something very like jealousy rankling within me.

Jealousy there was in another quarter—cruel, rampant, undignified jealousy. Captain von Heumann would twirl his mustaches into twin spires, shoot his white cuffs over his rings, and stare at me insolently through his rimless eyeglasses; we ought to have consoled each other, but we never exchanged a syllable. The captain had a murderous scar across one of his cheeks, a present from Heidelberg, and I used to think how he must long to have Raffles there to serve the same. It was not as though Von Heumann never had his innings. Raffles let him go in several times a day, for the malicious pleasure of bowling him out as he was "getting set"; those were his words when I taxed him disingenuously with obnoxious conduct toward a German on a German boat.

"You'll make yourself disliked on board," I told him. "By Von Heumann merely."

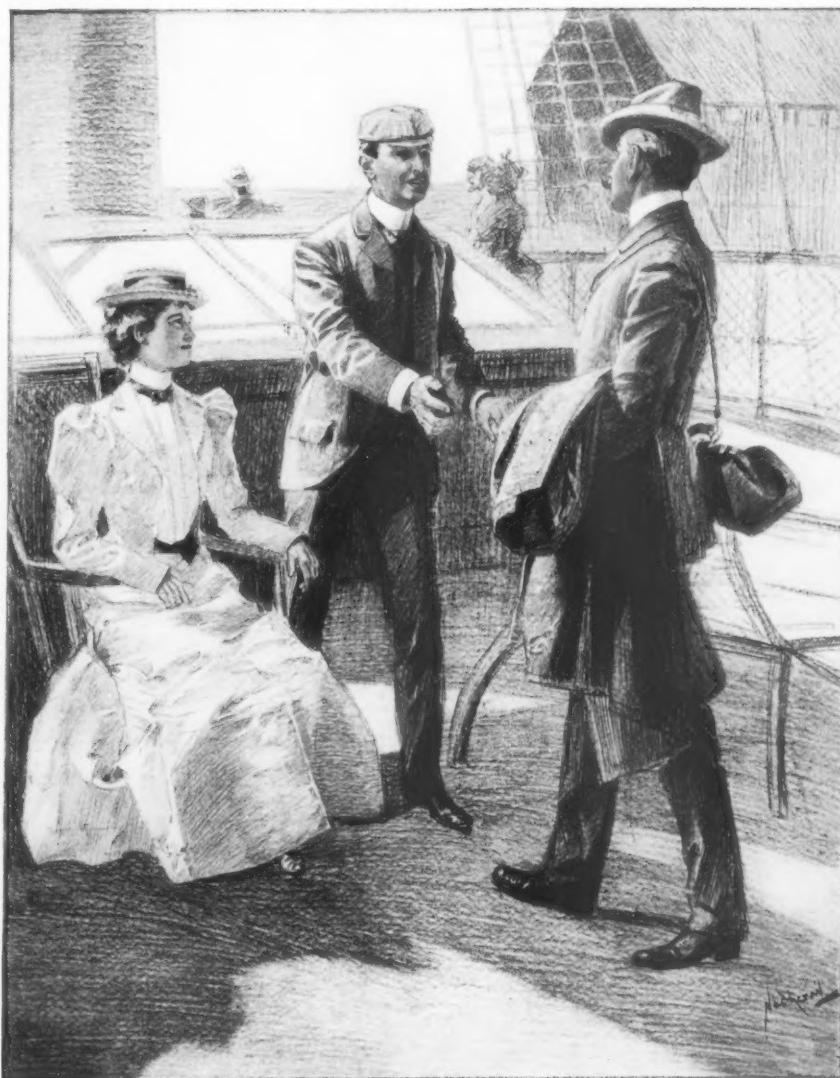
"But is that wise?" I whispered, "when he's the man we've got to diddle?"

"The wisest thing I ever did," he answered. "To have chummed up with him would have been fatal—the common dodge."

I was consoled, encouraged, almost reconciled. I had feared he was neglecting things, and I told him so in a burst. Here we were near Gibraltar, and not a word since the Solent. He shook his head with a smile.

"Plenty of time, Bunny, plenty of time. We can do nothing before we get to Genoa, and that won't be till Sunday night. The voyage is still young, and so are we; let's make the most of things while we can."

It was after dinner on the promenade deck, and as Raffles spoke he glanced sharply fore and aft, leaving me next moment with a step full of purpose. I retired



"IS THAT YOU, BUNNY?"

to the smoking-room, to smoke and read in a corner, and to watch Von Heumann, who soon came to drink beer and to sulk in another.

Few travelers tempt the Red Sea at midsummer; the "Uhlans" was very empty indeed. She had, however, but a limited supply of cabins on the promenade deck, and there was just this excuse for my sharing Raffles's room. I could have had one to myself downstairs, but I must be up above. Raffles had insisted that I should insist on the point. So we were together, I think, without suspicion, and most certainly without any object that I could see.

On the Sunday afternoon I was asleep in my berth, the lower one, when the curtains were shaken by Raffles, who was in his shirt-sleeves on the settee.

"Achilles—sulking in his tent as usual."

"What else is there to do?" I asked him as I stretched and yawned. I noted, however, the good-humor of his tone, and did my best to catch it.

"I have found something else, Bunny."

"I daresay!"

"You misunderstand me. The whipper-snapper's making his century this afternoon. I've had other fish to fry."

I swung my legs over the side of my berth and sat forward, as he was sitting, all attention. The inner door, a grating, was shut and bolted, and curtained like the open porthole. "We shall be at Genoa before sunset," continued Raffles. "It's the place where the dead's got to be done."

"So you still mean to do it?"

"Did I ever say I didn't?"

"You have said so little either way."

"Advisedly so, my dear Bunny; why spoil a pleasure trip by talking unnecessary shop? But now the time has come. It must be done at Genoa or not at all."

"On land?"

"No, on board, to-morrow night. To-night would do, but to-morrow is better, in case of mishap. If we were forced to use violence we could get away by the earliest train, and nothing be known till the ship was sailing and Von Heumann found dead or drugged—"

"Not dead!" I exclaimed.

"Of course not," assented Raffles, "or there would be no need for us to bolt; but if we should have to bolt, Tuesday morning is our time, when this ship has got to sail, whatever happens. But I don't anticipate any violence. Violence is a confession of terrible incompetence. In all these years how many blows have you known me strike? Not one, I believe; but I have been

quite ready to kill my man every time, if the worst came to the worst."

I asked him how he proposed to enter Von Heumann's stateroom unobserved, and even through the curtained gloom of ours his face lighted up.

"Climb up into my bunk, Bunny, and you shall see!"

I did so, but could see nothing. Raffles reached across me and tapped the ventilator, a sort of trapdoor in the wall above his bed, some eighteen inches long and half that height, and opening outward into the ventilating shaft.

"That," said he, "is our door to fortune. Open it if you like; you won't see much, because it doesn't open far, but loosening a couple of screws will set that all right. The shaft, as you may see, is more or less bottomless; you pass under it whenever you go to your bath, and the top is a skylight on the bridge. That's why this thing has to be done while we're at Genoa, because they keep no watch on the bridge in port. The ventilator opposite ours is Von Heumann's. Again, it will only mean a couple of screws, and again, it will only mean a beam to stand on while you work."

He said that Von Heumann was certain to sleep with a bolted door, which he, of course, would leave unbolted, and spoke of other ways of laying a false scent while rifling the cabin. Not that Raffles anticipated a tiresome search. The pearl would be about Von Heumann's person; in fact, Raffles knew exactly where and in what he kept it. Naturally, I asked how he could have come by such knowledge, and his answer led up to a slight unpleasantness between us.

"It's a very old story, Bunny. I really forgot in what book it comes. I'm only sure of the Testament. But Samson was the unlucky hero, and one Delilah the heroine."

And he looked so knowing that I could not be in a moment's doubt as to his meaning.

"So the fair Australian has been playing Delilah?" I exclaimed.

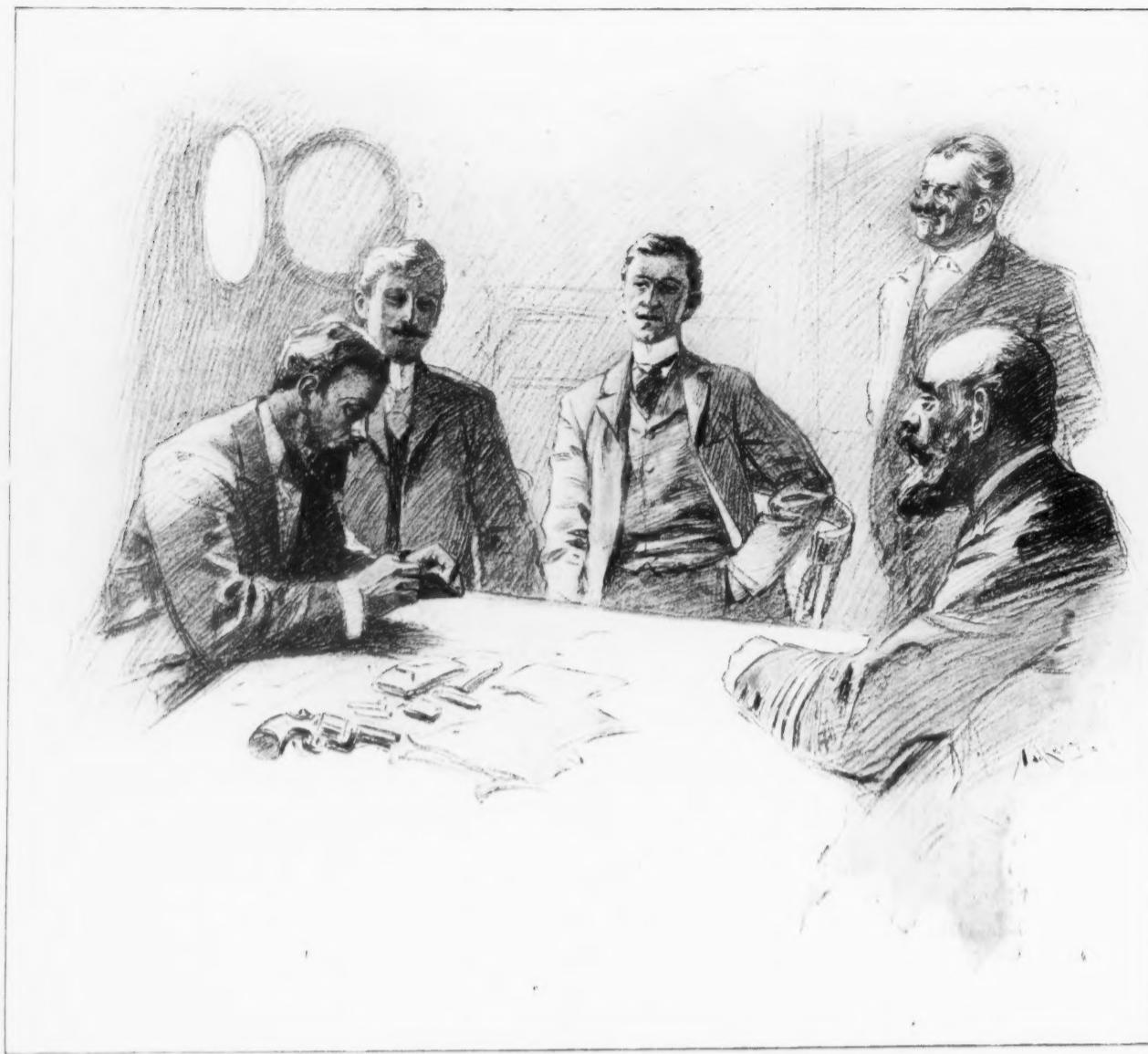
"In a very harmless, innocent sort of way."

"She got his mission out of him?"

"Yes, I've forced him to score all the points he could, and that was his great stroke, as I hoped it would be. He has even shown Amy the pearl."

III.

Not a hitch occurred. Everything had been foreseen; everything happened as I had been assured everything must. And here was the prize—this pearl as large as a filbert—with a pale-pink tinge like a lady's finger-nail



MACKENZIE OPENED THE CIGARETTE-CASES AND SHOOK EACH PARTICULAR CIGARETTE

—this spoil of a filibustering age—this gift from a European emperor to a South Sea chief. We gloated over it when all was snug. We toasted it in whisky and soda-water laid in over night in view of the great moment. But the moment was greater, more triumphant, than our most sanguine dreams. All we had now to do was to secrete the gem (which Raffles had prized from its setting) so that we could stand the strictest search and yet take it ashore with us at Naples; and this Raffles was doing when I turned in.

At length we were off, the tug was shed, the light-house passed, and Raffles and I leaned together over the rail, watching our shadows on the pale green, liquid, veined marble that washed the vessel's side. Raffles was moody and ill-at-ease. He had not the air of a successful man. I could but opine that the impending parting at Naples sat heavily on his spirit.

He would neither talk to me, nor would he let me go.

"Stop where you are, Bunny. I've things to tell you. An old enemy of ours is on board."

"An old enemy?"

"Never!"

"The man with the beard who came aboard last."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I was only surprised you didn't recognize him too."

He took a cigarette and handed me the case, but I shook my head impatiently.

"I still don't understand," said I. "Why should he be after you? He couldn't come all this way about a jewel which was perfectly safe for all he knew. What's your own theory?"

"Simply that he's been on my track for some time, probably ever since friend Crawshay slipped clean through his fingers last November."

He turned on his heel, and, from time to time, I saw him making the most of his last afternoon with the inevitable Miss Werner. I saw him next in the captain's cabin.

Mackenzie sat on the settee, his beard in front of him on the polished table; but a revolver lay in front of the captain; and, when I had entered, the chief officer, who had summoned me, shut the door and put his back to it. Von Heumann completed the party, his fingers busy with his mustache.

Raffles greeted me.

"This is a great joke!" he cried. "Do you remember the pearl you were so keen about, Bunny, the emperor's pearl, the pearl money wouldn't buy? It seems it was intrusted to our little friend here to take out to Canoodledam, and the poor little chap's gone and lost it; ergo, as we're Britishers, they think we've got it!"

"But I know ye have," put in Mackenzie, nodding to his beard.

"You will recognize that loyal and patriotic voice,"

said Raffles. "Mon, 'tis our auld acquaintance Mackenzie, o' Scotland Yarrd an' Scotland itsel'!"

"Dat is enough," cried the captain. "Have you submit to be searge, or do I force you?"

Mackenzie laughed.

"Anyway, captain, it makes no matter. I'll just be clappin' the darbies on these young sparrks, an' then—"

"By what right?" roared Raffles, in a ringing voice, and I never saw his face in such a blaze. "Search us if you like; search every scrap and stitch we possess; but you dare to lay a finger on us without a warrant!"

"I woudna' dare," said Mackenzie, gravely, as he fumbled in his breast-pocket, and Raffles dived a hand into his own. "Haud his wrist!" shouted the Scotchman; and the huge Colt that had been with us many a night, but had never been fired in my hearing, clattered on the table and was raked in by the captain.

"All right," said Raffles savagely to the mate. "You can let go now. I won't try it again. Now, Mackenzie, let's see your warrant!"

"Ye'll no mishandle it!"

"What good would that do me? Let me see it," said Raffles, peremptorily, and the detective obeyed.

"Will that do for ye?" inquired Mackenzie.

"I'm very much afraid it may. I congratulate you, Mackenzie; that's a strong hand. Two burglaries and the Melrose necklace, Bunny!" And he turned to me with a rueful smile.

"An' all easy to prove," said the Scotchman, pocketing the warrant. "I've one o' these for you," he added, nodding to me, "only not such a long one."

"To think," said the captain, reproachfully, "that my shib should be made a den of thief! It shall be a very disagreeable mudder. I have been obliged to put you both in irons until we god to Naples."

"Surely not!" said Raffles. "Mackenzie, intercede with him; don't give your countrymen away before all hands! Captain, we can't escape; surely you could hush it up for the night? Look here, here's everything I have in my pockets; you empty yours too, Bunny, and they shall strip us stark if they suspect we've weapons up our sleeves. All I ask is that we are allowed to get out of this without gyves upon our wrists!"

"Webbons you may not have," said the captain; "but wad about der pearl dat you were sealeing?"

"You shall have it!" cried Raffles. "You shall have it this minute if you guarantee no public indignity on board!"

"That I'll see to," said Mackenzie, "as long as you behave yourselves. Well, where have you got it?"

"It's on the table under your nose."

My eyes fell with the rest, but no pearl was there; only the contents of our pockets—our watches, pocket-books, pencils, penknives, cigarette-cases—lay on the shiny mahogany table along with the revolvers already mentioned.

"Ye're humbuggin' us," said Mackenzie. "What's the good?"

"I'm doing nothing of the sort," laughed Raffles. "I'm testing you. Where's the harm?"

"It's here, joke apart?"

"On that table, by all my gods."

Mackenzie opened the cigarette-cases and shook each particular cigarette. Thereupon Raffles prayed to be allowed to smoke one, and, when his prayer was heard, observed that the pearl had been on the table much longer than the cigarettes. Mackenzie promptly caught up the Colt and opened the chamber in the butt.

"Not there, not there," said Raffles; "but you're getting hot. Try the cartridges."

Mackenzie emptied them into his palm, and shook each one at his ear without result.

"Oh, give them to me!"

And, in an instant, Raffles had found the right one, had bitten out the bullet, and placed the emperor's pearl with a flourish in the center of the shining table.

"After that you will perhaps show me such little consideration as is in your power. Captain, I have been a bit of a villain, as you see, and as such I am ready and willing to lie in irons all night if you deem it requisite for the safety of the ship. All I ask is that you do me one favor first."

"That shall debond on wad der vafour has been."

"Captain, I've done a worse thing aboard your ship than any of you know. I have become engaged to be married, and I want to say good-by!"

He was to have five minutes with the girl, while the captain and Mackenzie stood within range (but not earshot), with their revolvers behind their backs. As we were moving from the cabin, in a body, he stopped and gripped my hand.

"So I've let you in at last, Bunny, at last, and after all! If you knew how sorry I am . . . But you won't get much—I don't see why you should get anything at all. Can you forgive me? This may be for years, and it may be forever, you know! You were a good pal always when it came to the scratch; some day or other you mayn't be so sorry to remember you were a good pal at the last!"

Suddenly—an instant—and the thing was done. He caught her—he kissed her before us all—then flung her from him so that she almost fell. It was that action which foretold the next. The mate sprang after him, and I sprang after the mate.

Raffles was on the rail, but only just.

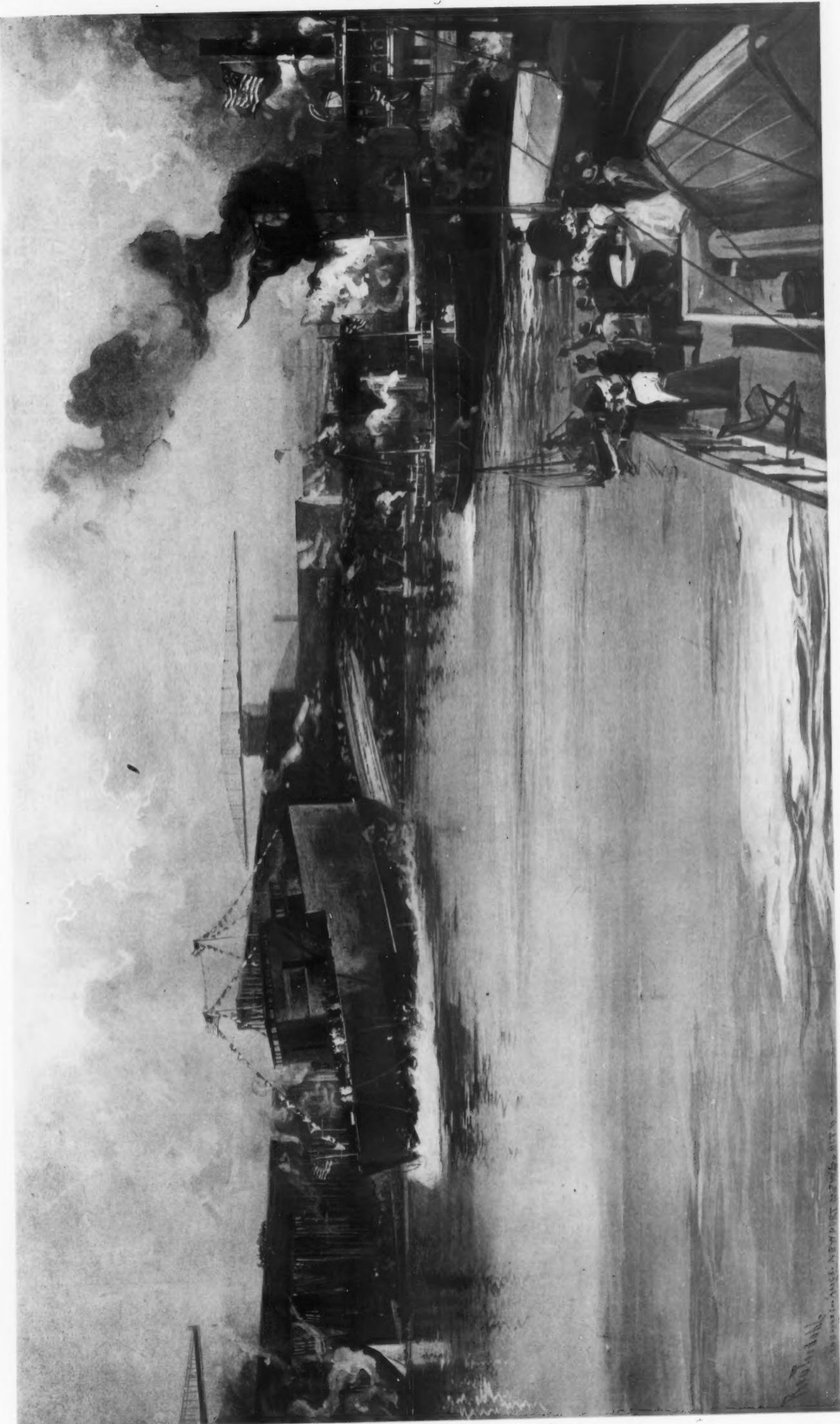
"Hold him, Bunny!" he cried. "Hold him tight!"

And, as I obeyed that last behest with all my might, without a thought of what I was doing, save that he bade me do it, I saw his hands shoot up and his head bob down, and his lithe, spare body cut the sunset as cleanly and precisely as though he had plunged at his leisure from a diver's board.

OUR LARGER NAVY—THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "ILLINOIS," OCTOBER 4, 1898

The "Illinois" is to be a first-class second-class battleship of 11,225 tons displacement, which will make her slightly larger than the "Iowas," "Massachusetts" or "Oregon." She is designed to be a knot speedier than the last-named vessels, and will differ from them principally with respect to her main battery; this will contain four 13-inch guns, but instead of eight 13-inch guns she will have fourteen quick-firing 6-inch broad-lobsters.

(Drawn by our Special Artist, H. KETTERDAHL.)



THE DOVES ON THE SPIRE

THERE'S a whirr and a whirl in the mist,
Of wings silver-tipped and dew-kissed;
White flashes that herald new flights,
Proud pauses at hard-attained heights;
There's a glow in bird-hearts and bird-eyes,
Because of the news of the red East a-fire,
There are circles that widen and murmur
that rise.

It is Morn, by the doves on the spire,

The hot world is a glimmer of green,
The birds do not pluck, press nor preen
Their silken green breasts in the sun:
Aspiring is over and done,
All folded and furled are their wings,
Their eyes say unutterable things
Of the fullness of fulfilled Desire.

It is Noon, by the doves on the spire.

They have burnished to purple and gold,
Have their love-songs and lullabies told,
Crowned and brooded and wavered to rest,
Have faded to gray in their shadowy nest.
Now darkness has folded them round,
Unfathomed by sight or by sound:
Save by notes from the Stars' circling Choir.

It is Night, by the doves on the spire.

FLAVIAN ROSSET.

"OPERATING AS A BARRIER"

ENGLISH literature should be more explicitly grateful than it is for deliverance from a certain manner of language which had, as it were, the word of authority once among real writers and men and women of genius. It "operated as a barrier." One cannot guess how much dignity, simplicity, and life were prevented in writers who used that very phrase—a tradesman's circular phrase, if ever there was one—because it was ready to hand, in the polite second-class fashion of that day. "It operated as a barrier to further intercourse," wrote one of them of some act or incident.

It is true that a dowdy fashion of this kind had its use, inasmuch as it did not suggest to young writers any kind of picturesque slang. But if it was not picturesque, it was slang enough. Any one who was conscious that he had no impulse of his own, and no simplicity, and who liked language wholesale and cheap, had his wish in perhaps the least mischievous form. A dowdy fashion is, at any rate, better than a "quaint" fashion. It does not make beautiful words ridiculous.

That fashion, however, did foolish mischief of its own. Every English reader should know by heart the passages in which Charlotte Bronte wrote in the great style that secures her authority as a writer of prose. Those passages are few and brief, and therefore the more easily remembered. One or two are set in the midst of her ordinary work, which has nothing better than the implication of better things. But the best and the greatest stands alone. It is, of course, the preface to her sister Emily's novels. If Charlotte Bronte had not written that page, she might have what popularity she could get, but she would have no serious fame. And if it is urged that a single classic page, even though like this, it have all the qualities, is not enough to prove any writer great, the answer is that it should be enough, when it is so great that none but an essentially great writer could have written it. Simple, close, impassioned, composed, majestic, solitary, and yet most appealing, is the genius of those lovely phrases. Their nobility, no less than the incomparable sorrow which they imply, gives them that sense of loneliness which does so crown a perfect and single act of art.

Why, then, was the pen that wrote thus involved in the lifeless vulgarisms of the no-style of pages and pages of her novels? There was something "operating as a barrier," and this was the grocer's English then ruling—a language that was an insult to the English that had gone before, and defiance to the English that should come after. In a word, that impossible phrase, "operating as a barrier," is Charlotte Bronte's own phrase. Very deliberately written, as she tells us, was the whole book in which it occurs; and it is not alone.

Vulgarism, used just now, was perhaps too strong a word. That kind of English was nothing if not prim and second class. It was entirely corrupt and lifeless, customary and silly. But it was not conspicuous or ill-bred in the posturing way that is most distressing. It kept a state of its own; it had the third class at arms-length; it was unscholarly and ugly. If the word vulgar is too strong, the English of the literature of 1850 shall get no more than a farthing of damages for the insult.

"Operating as a barrier" had many companion phrases in Charlotte Bronte's works, not often quite so bad, but of the same temper.

Her hero in "The Professor" talks like a nursery governess about "an extensive and eligible connection," and "a small competency," and other things to speak whereof in this language seems to fill one's mouth with sand. Yet an extensive and eligible connection, if some honest name could but be found for it, need not be an offense to any man.

"As we raised our terms and elevated our system of instruction," says the same professor, "our choice of pupils became more select." He has, moreover, "an excellent connection, first opened by unsolicited recommendation." He "disposes of it." When he should be telling us of his wife's teaching, he says she is "communicating instruction"; and he does it, besides, in a form of bad grammar which is in perfect keeping: "While communicating instruction her aspect was more animated."

"Some of her pupils received the impression of elevated sentiments," is also said of the lady whose aspect communicated instruction: "We might in time realize an independence." This occurs more than once. "We had the means of commencing on a careful scale, having lived greatly within our income." By the appropriate ill-luck of bad literature it is all conspicuously unusual. The words jostle. And this, again, is quite as bad as "operating as a barrier": "For the toys the child possesses he seems to have contracted a partiality amounting to affection."

Foolish and paltry was a fashion that could put into the hand of a great prose writer a pen charged ready with the infamous phrase, "contracted a partiality." Quantities of writers there were doubtless to be glad of the phrase, to do it honor, as something refined and educated. It is a pity that there should exist writers of that class; yet, granting their existence and their numbers, the age need not tempt them with such a jargon as this; a good age would at least give them their ready-made stuff plain and stout. But a vital author! How, being capable of real words, could she use these?

Now, without a purpose, bits of bad English from Charlotte Bronte's writings. Her absolute defect of style and of simplicity in her worst passages is only the result of her life and of her world. A provincial woman teaching little children she disliked, children whose fresh and frolic mistakes she sedulously corrected, without gayety, a woman whose thoughts centered for years about schoolkeeping, and whose hopes for an extensive and eligible connection naturally took the phrase of the busines, could not do otherwise than repeat the fashion she found.

The men of genius, her contemporaries, to whom that fashion never "operated as a barrier" at all, had conditions different from hers. Ignorance, poverty, may have hampered them, but they had always their sex to set them free, they were not constrained to be governesses. They were permitted to "realize a small competency" by other means than the single, inevitable, and reluctant way allowed to Charlotte Bronte—the "communication of instruction." They found the polite language of the circular in force and in honor, but they were not persuaded to make it their own in its most vacuous and foolish form—that of the circular of a girl's school.

Charlotte Bronte, for her part, had all this to refuse when she set about writing real prose. It is no wonder that she did it seldom, for she was not without a primness of her own; the "elevated system of instruction" and the "selected choice of pupils" came easily to one of the Charlotte Brontes within her. She was not well read, and it may have seemed to her that the English which was modern in her day, and which was decorated with so many dull ornaments, was the normal English, and not to be questioned. She may have liked it; if a child could with propriety contract a partiality for a toy, a lady might well contract a partiality for phrases so far above the reach of the lower classes.

And thus did the mid-century mar its daughter. Not altogether, for she escaped the slip-slop and the pretense; she got few in those incomparable moments that were so few. Then the primal life of the word of man was restored to her, and she wrote immortally. Therefore those moments have a double greatness; they are a leap to life from so trivial a lifelessness.

ALICE MEYNELL.

OUR LONDON LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

LONDON, Sept. 28, 1888

A FEW weeks ago, when Russian ascendancy in China had wrought general dismay, people here would tell one another with solemn tones: "This time, surely, there must be war." An Englishman turned to me, at a dinner, after some such grim observation had just been made by one of the guests. He was of the sunnier type,

it is true, yet time had not precisely thickened his locks. "I've heard this sort of thing such a lot of times," he said, "about Russia and ourselves!" And now he is hearing it again. This time Great Britain certainly takes a bold stand. From Shanghai we learn that Kang-wei-Wei, leader of the reform party, has secured the full protection of the British consul. Meanwhile the report that he has poisoned the young Emperor of China finds little credence here. However, in the time of the Empress Regent, more than one young emperor has prematurely perished. She and Li Hung-Chang, whom the English are beginning to pronounce a famous old scamp, are probably birds of a feather, and birds of prey at that. The palace of the Forbidden City has doubtless been more crime-stained than was ever the Louvre in medieval years. This present empress, Tsu An, is as fierce a "conservative" as Catherine de Medici. Though China has become almost as fragile as its name would imply, she hugs the idea of embalming in perpetuity its bigotries and tyrannies. Li is with her, and his name, like that of his native land, is also suggestive. It is more than whispered that he meditates a *coup d'état*, and may proclaim himself emperor, some morning, just as did the alleged French "nephew of his uncle." It is well known that Li and his imperial ally count upon Russia for support. This makes, in England, the situation seem terribly serious.

Kang-wei-Wei, the fugitive, now in Hong Kong, implores British intervention, and states that unless it be given, British interests must lamentably suffer. The Emperor, if not really assassinated, is a prisoner in his palace. He has shown a marked leaning toward the Chinese Reform Party, and such civilized behavior has served to inflame against him the wrath of the Manchu officials. This young gentleman's feet are too evidently planted on the verge of a volcano, provided they are still able to uplift his somewhat fragile body. Russia may soon assert her sympathies with a rotten government, already stained by antecedents of bloodiest despotism and disgusting deceit. Kang has openly declared that he fled from Pekin a few days ago at the urgent request of Kwangsu, his monarch and master, urging him to obtain help from those who would bestow it upon his menaced and miserable country. This is read, of course, as an appeal to Great Britain, and bids her remember Gordon's Chinese career in 1863, just as Sir Herbert Kitchener has lately caused her to remember his Egyptian exploits and his cruel murder at Khartoum. Let detractors say what they will of John Bull, his Oriental aggressiveness is pretty sure to be with reform and decency. No less than eight warships have already started from Shanghai, with Taku for their believed destination. Simultaneously the deplorable empress is known to have besought Russia's assistance in maintaining a rule which vies for villainy with that of Turkey. Li Hung Chang, who must have chuckled at the honors with which we and other reputable peoples lately received him, is now, no doubt, asking some of his hideous little *lasses* and *perches* what further chance he may have, at the ripe age of seventy-five, for doing work a little dirtier and grosser than he has done heretofore. Already, we learn, persecutions, imprisonments and death have been visited by this highly virtuous couple upon friends and relatives of the reformers. It reaches us, too, that the "Novosti," a Russian journal often permitted by the police to say its soul (do newspapers have souls?) is its own, advises a direct understanding between Russia and England. Misunderstanding may have been meant, but perhaps the printer's angel meekly interfered.

A good deal of solid scorn and horror has been roused everywhere in England by the actions of a new sort of criminal—one whom it would not be *malapropos* to call a railroad Jack the Ripper. England is so spider-webbed by "metals," as they are called here, and engines are forever carrying so many of her citizens to and fro throughout the densely populated though limited space of her island, that this kind of abomination goes home more bitingly to Britons than it would do in the case of almost any other country. The Manchester express had a narrow escape, yesterday, coming in

DON'T fall to procure Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for your Children while cutting teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

AHEAD OF EVERYBODY.

The Nickel Plate Route continues to keep ahead of everybody in railway matters, despite intense competition. How is this accomplished? Simply by catering fully and generously to the public demands. People know and appreciate a good thing when they see it. That is why they patronize the Nickel Plate so freely.

Why has this road won its present position? By furnishing the very best class of service at low rates, and by generous treatment of its patrons. Safe and easy roadway, fine trains, luxurious equipment, fast time, close connections—these are the cardinal points in favor of the Nickel Plate Route. These are its prime factors of success. The Nickel Plate is the people's route—a strong favorite with the traveling public. Don't forget this when going East. Don't forget when you go West. Don't forget the road that gives the best service at the lowest rates.

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Without a Rival

FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS

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IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN.

Beecham's Pills taken as directed, will also quickly restore Females to complete health, as they promptly remove obstructions or irregularities of the system.

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Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes.

25c. at all Drug Stores.

Pears'

Pretty boxes and odors
are used to sell such
soaps as no one would
touch if he saw them un-
disguised. Beware of a
soap that depends on
something outside of it.

'Pears', the finest soap
in the world is scented or
not, as you wish; and the
money is in the merchan-
dice, not in the box.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially
druggists; all sorts of people are
using it.

GOFF'S Angora BRAID

Will out-wear any Skirt Binding,
Facing or Protector on the market.
Shrunk ready for use.

Please bind one of your own dresses
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

CENTER MEN A generous consignment of center men is what seems needed to make the football of 1898 up to the standard and to stiffen the lines of the leading teams.

Pennsylvania is perhaps an exception, but that is because she carried over all three of her men from last year, and they were good men too. Even here, if Overfield, with his exceptional abilities, could have some ten or fifteen more pounds, it would be an advantage and would save his team considerable in the way of heavy work, as was shown in the first half of the Brown game. Princeton begins to feel that the weight she has in her center trio may be a good thing, but that if it is to prove such it must have more life and dash. Harvard has been experimenting in the middle of the line with various players only to find that not one of the available candidates is the star for whom she is looking so anxiously. Yale is simply at sea, and man after man has been tried, even those weighing less than one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The big fellows seem hard to find, and when found are pushed around by the smaller men. It is safe to say that it would not take any phenomenal team to run men through and over the centers of Harvard, Yale, Cornell and possibly Princeton at this period in their development. Moreover, there are very few men who are qualified to coach center play. It takes more than a good player of that position to make a green man able to fill it, and this is a rock upon which otherwise good teams have gone to wreck before this. Rhodes's team at Springfield showed this when Lewis was placed at center some eight years or so ago. Harvard lost a Yale game in New York because Corbin the Yale center was too much for his opponent. Princeton's greatest preponderance over Yale in New York in '96 was in the center, and it was then that Yale's heart was really broken. It does not take a prophet to say that in 1898 the teams that fail to fill the center of the



OVERFIELD (CENTER),
University of Pennsylvania.

consequence. This action made it possible for the two factions to get together, and they did so by the passage of resolutions that exonerated the seceders for their action and made the rules of the organization the scapegoat, calling them responsible for the failure to disqualify Maybury and Cochems last spring. A committee was appointed to draw up a new plan for the management of the association, and Chicago University has promised to come back into the organization, while Illinois and Michigan are on the fence until they see what sort of a constitution is made. They are both opposed to college leagues in general, and prefer individual management of athletics so far as possible. This is the feeling at Chicago also, but it is felt desirable to have a track athletic league for the section.

This outcome, of course, admits of the A.A.U.'s indorsement by throwing over the two offending athletes, and therefore consistently reinstating the Michigan, Chicago and Illinois athletes. The Chicago A.A. thereby loses two crack athletes, Maybury's running in the games with the New York A.C. being particularly remembered. The A.A.U. officials of the West are also endeavoring to have the faculties of the seven universities which hold annual athletic conferences together rescind their rule prohibiting football games between their teams and those of athletic club elevens. Another good move brought about at the same time was the agreement between the football authorities of Michigan, Chicago, Northwestern and Illinois Universities to use the code of rules drawn up by the committee of the University Athletic Club instead of the Western code. Wisconsin and Northwestern had already resolved to use the Eastern rules in any event, while Michigan and Illinois were anxious to do so. Mr. Stagg therefore announced himself ready to act in harmony with the rest, and an informal agreement was made that the Western rules should go by the board in order to prevent the confusion that would necessarily arise, although there was no radical differences between the two sets of rules.

PROSPECT OF WESTERN TEAMS Lack of heavy men for the rush lines was the great complaint of the coaches at the beginning of the football season in the Middle West. Wisconsin, Michigan and Illinois have still a legitimate cause for disapp-



PENNSYLVANIA AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE—HEDGES CARRYING BALL AROUND LEFT END

line well are going to be beaten, no matter what may be the quality and quantity of their back material.

Cornell again demonstrated the truth of my comments upon Mr. Warner's coaching by showing themselves more than a match for the Indians. There was generalship in Cornell's second half as well as considerable dash. There was a little warm work in the line on the part of both teams that might have led to trouble.

How have the mighty fallen! Lafayette, who, a short time back, defeated Pennsylvania, has become the prey of Washington and Jefferson and of State!

Pennsylvania picked up quite a Tartar in Brown, and feit, at the end of the first half, as Yale did under similar circumstances at New Haven last year. Brown's line was on its toes, metaphorically and literally, until used up, and showed that if Harvard can secure a thoroughly aggressive defense in the line they need not feel so downhearted about their chances of making a decent showing on November 5.

Princeton simply swamped Franklin and Marshall, and the game was not of any apparent use as practice save in the one moment when it looked like a score and Mattis had his chance to save it. This young man, as well as Boardsley and Black, shows the promise of the coming Princeton material.

Harvard helped Dartmouth to go down without difficulty, although at times there was enough line plumping by the Hanover boys to make the coaches feel that it would be well to stiffen up the right side a little more and to teach the line to close up the holes. Warren has once more demonstrated his taste for blocking kicks, and Yale should take a warning from this.

Williams were unable to hold Yale, save in the first moments of the game, when the Massachusetts men seemed the more active. Their full-back—Williams by name—outpointed DuPee and kept well up with McBride. Yale was unable to get by Williams' left end, but circled her right with facility. Brown was the particular star of the Yale line.

MIDDLE WEST CONDITIONS The split among the universities of the Middle West section, that promised to make the football season a hopeless tangle, involve a row with the A.A.U., and lead to the confusion of two sets of rules, has apparently been disposed of by the conference that was held at Chicago on September 28. The row was occasioned over the refusal of Michigan, Chicago and Illinois to play with Wisconsin in baseball last spring, and more particularly over their withdrawing from the Western Intercollegiate Athletic Association in June because the graduate committee of that body, on which they had representatives, refused to disqualify Maybury, the sprinter, and Cochems, the heavyweight man of the Wisconsin team. Evidence of their professionalism was submitted, but did not satisfy the committee. The three institutions then withdrew and held a triangular meet of their own, whereupon the A.A.U., which is affiliated with the W.I.A.A., disqualified their athletes. Some of the men thus disqualified were on the football teams, and in consequence the Western representative of the A.A.U. proceeded to disqualify all members of football teams that played against these men this fall.

Just at this time, however, the authorities at Wisconsin University, aroused by the charges against them and their athletes, found evidence that both Maybury and Cochems had rendered themselves professionals at a field-day held at Spring Green, Wis., in June of 1895. Their athletic council, just before the opening of the university, passed sentence of suspension on both men, also disclaiming the credit for all records made by them since the Spring Green episode. This offered a chance to patch up the break between the universities; and the Wisconsin officers of the W.I.A.A. called a conference, inviting into it, as well as the iron delegates, representatives of the three seceders and of the A.A.U. At this conference, the two athletes were disqualified, their records rescinded, and Iowa College became the champions of the W.I.A.A. for 1896 in

pointment in this direction. Michigan, however, in her sixty candidates has the best show of new men, and it depends there on what can be done with green material in the way of making up a team. Chicago and Northwestern have gradually acquired a crop of heavy men as mainstays in the line. Chicago has the best outlook in her history for a strong lot of forwards, a feature that should aid her special play materially.

Chicago also has the advantage of a continuous system of training and coaching under Mr. A. A. Stagg. The other Western institutions have come to appreciate the advantage of this. Michigan and Illinois are sticking to their plan of having their own alumni for coaching. Huff, however, the head coach at Illinois, was also associated with Dartmouth as a student. Baum is his assistant. Hall, the big guard, formerly of Princeton, is head coach at Michigan, and Ferbert, who had full charge last fall, is associate and has charge of the backs and ends. Phil King is back at Wisconsin, while Northwestern has Bannard from Princeton. He seems to have taken hold very well there, and now has no such right to complain of his material as has the other Princetonian at Wisconsin. Their teams will meet on Thanksgiving Day, this being a fixture, like the Chicago-Michigan game.

Davis demonstrated in the Intercollegiate tennis what he had already given evidence of in the National Tournament; namely, that he is one of the most promising of our younger players. His game is a cool one. He relies upon his length, and even though he may at first drive the ball out, he does not let up, but loses a few games rather than surrender the strength of his stroke, and before long he succeeds in getting them in. It was this deep stroke that defeated Whitman. Davis is also a steadily obstinate player, in that he does not consider himself beaten by anybody until the match is actually over. With Whitman within a stroke of winning, he showed this quality, and it is this that

adds to his strength and will make him dangerous for any one.

Wednesday's games were indicative of more team play on the part of the larger universities. Yale was, however, the only one to make a very decided advance, and that might fairly be attributed to the weakness of her opponents, who were manifestly below the standard. Bowdoin surprised Harvard by scoring. W. T. Richards, the former Yale sprinter, is one of their coaches. The greatest surprise of the day, however, was the defeat of Lafayette by Washington and Jefferson. This latter team is the eleven that scored on the University of Pennsylvania early last season, the result of the game being 18 to 4; so they have already mounted along the road to success. Still, it must have been bitter to Lafayette not only to be defeated but beaten 16 to 0! The more experienced Ware eventually won the tournament, being in far better physical condition than at the National.

There is no university that depends for football success so much upon the quality of its line as does Princeton; but Pennsylvania, with her peculiarities of offense, is much more vulnerable to an aggressive line, as was demonstrated last year by the Indians and Cornell, this year by Brown, and has been shown by Harvard upon the occasions of the games of 1895 and 1896, when, by taking advantage of this and hurling her line men in, she kept the scores down to 17 to 14 in 1895, and 8 to 6 in 1896, when every one expected Pennsylvania would have a walkover. So it transpires that one cannot but believe Harvard's best chance will lie in spending enough time upon the development of a sharp aggressive line to insure the upset of some at least of Pennsylvania's rather complicated offensive tactics. That being done, Harvard must rely upon the dash and scoring quality which her teams have always exhibited against Pennsylvania to enable her to take advantage of her opportunities. Strange as it may seem, I believe there never was but one game played between these two teams when Harvard failed to score, and in the last six years, while Harvard has scored but once against Yale—4



MISS BEATRIX HOYT DRIVING

an indiscriminate charge and can be performed without previous preparation, but the coach and players know better, and realize that the signals and the formations must be practiced daily by practically the same body of men before anything like effective play can be acquired. Hence the repertoire of both the Harvard and Pennsylvania teams must perform be a limited one on the 5th.

Princeton and Yale, with their game PRINCETON a week later than the Harvard PENNSYLVANIA match, are considerably better off in the way of time; for a week of November in football suffices to perfect plays and patch up weaknesses in a marked degree. Still, I fancy that Yale, with her traditionally late maturing of team, will find it a big task to get a team ready for what is sure to be one of her two hardest matches of the year some two weeks earlier than usual. Yale is this year making a special effort at early development. When Princeton, Pennsylvania and Harvard are in the early season running up big scores against the lesser teams, Yale is usually making less than half as many points in similar matches. Last year in October Harvard and Yale played Amherst, Harvard making 38 points, Yale 18. There was no such evident opportunity of comparing scores between Yale and Princeton, as their schedules varied so greatly; but it is safe to say that on the day when Princeton was defeating Lafayette 57 points to 0, and Yale then playing the Chicago Athletic Club 16 to 6, Yale would have had considerable difficulty in duplicating Princeton's score. When, therefore, Yale is forced to hurry her team into final shape for the second Saturday in November, it will be necessary for her to step out from most of her traditional methods. As some sort of compensation for this, however, she is well equipped with men for the positions behind the line. There have been many seasons when Yale had hardly enough backs to last out the schedule, and this year it looks as if, barring wholesale accidents, the blue would have a half dozen thoroughly competent men for halves and back. Of these we have already seen Corwin, Dudley and McBride tried out in the big matches of last season. These three men are as good, and will probably be considerably better, than last year. The playing of de Saulles at quarter, or even as a half-back, is a well-known quantity. Thus behind the line Yale will



THE WOMAN'S GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT ARDSLEY CASINO

points—she has scored against Pennsylvania at least ten times, making no less than 56 points. Harvard has, in fact, always been a scoring team, save in her Yale games. One of the most remarkable instances of this was exhibited in 1889, when Harvard, although defeated, scored 15 points against Princeton, while unable to score a point against Yale, and, for all that, Princeton defeated Yale. Bearing in mind this scoring ability, which has been such a marked characteristic of Harvard teams when going up against Pennsylvania, it seems as if there could be no reasonable doubt that what the Harvard team of this year needs for its Pennsylvania match is special instruction in defensive work, and especially in defensive line work. Once able to hold Pennsylvania, and to feel that they are holding them, will give the Harvard team confidence, and then let the dash that scores come to their rescue. Pennsylvania, on the other hand, must rely upon scoring—upon offensive rather than defensive work. Mr. Woodruff's methods give the line men a tremendous amount of work upon the offense, and for this reason they cannot store up any energy for extraordinary emergencies in defense. To score more than the other fellows, that is the point; and it is a good way to win too, as Captain Thorne's Yale team demonstrated against Princeton a few years ago. That was a team—the Yale team—which seemed incapable of the usual careful defense inculcated at New Haven. Smaller teams—athletic clubs—several scored upon them, but they themselves were demons on offense.

But to return to Harvard-Pennsylvania. This game will be Pennsylvania's most important of the year, and never before has it happened that the vital match has been set for such a date as November 5. And yet for some two or three years the football expert would have picked Pennsylvania as the earliest team of all—a team that could upon call, even the first week in November, render a thoroughly satisfactory account of itself in men and

method. I look, therefore, for a thoroughly developed style, and a distinctly harmonious working in Captain Outland's team when they journey to Cambridge, provided the shake-up following the Brown game is not followed by too many experiments. The principal problem that will confront Mr. Woodruff will be to get the movement of his heavy plays quickened up at that period in the season. No interference, whether heavy or light, is as a rule as fast when compared with the defense as it should be to prove thoroughly effective in the early weeks of play. Men do not get accustomed to the timing of the play, and the runner has to wait, or else make too desperate an attempt to close the gap, and hence the interference and protection are ragged. The defense, on the other hand, being more individual in character, reaches a satisfactory rapidity of action, while the offense is but half-formed and crude. For this reason it would be unfair to expect the Harvard-Pennsylvania game to exhibit on the part of either team the clockwork precision of offense that characterized some of Pennsylvania's play last year, when they began team-work much earlier.

The plan adopted last season by MR. FOPBES' Mr. Forbes, the coach of the Harvard COACHING team, of selecting the eleven at the very outset, and handing them as a team from the start, would have seemed more justified this year, in view of the exigencies occasioned by such an early important match. But many objections appeared to the plan last season, and it is given out that this year no man will be sure of his place until he is actually on the field in the match. This will insure a more vigorous contest for the places, and has in the case of other teams proved a more efficacious incentive. But it certainly will not do to spend a long time in the selection of candidates when an actual perfected style of play must be brought out and a team equipped within four or five weeks. Those who look on from the side lines may believe that the mad rush forward of a body of men, grouped about the player with the ball, is but

have less to worry about than usual. It is in the forward line that the energy of coaches must be expended.

There is an old saying that Princeton is always strong when she has a good line. This has proven true so often that among those who have followed the sport for years it is taken almost as an axiom. At the time when Harvard and Princeton came together after their long separation, it was the work of Lea's aggressive line that turned the scale in Princeton's favor; and two years ago, when Princeton practically swamped Yale at New York, it was, as stated earlier, in the line and by the line men that Yale suffered the greatest damage. This year the early indications are that Princeton will once more be strong in that department. Certainly a comparison at this day between her line and candidates and Yale's line and candidates would result in a decided superiority being granted to Princeton. The match is to be played at Princeton, and of all the colleges Princeton is one of the most traditionally strong on their home grounds. Not once, but several times, have teams journeyed to Princeton firm in the conviction that they would slaughter the Tiger in his very lair, only to return defeated. There is a spirit that seems to breathe from the Jersey ground inspiration into the Orange and Black and spread consternation over the visitors. Yale turned the old tradition into naught last year in baseball, but it is more firmly a rooted football belief than it ever was a baseball one that Princeton wins at Princeton. This will be the first match Yale has played at Princeton since that memorable unfinished contest back in the middle of the eighties, which left bitter feelings for several years. How it rained that day, and what a quagmire it made of the grounds! Princeton has had hard luck in weather for big games at Princeton; let us hope that this year she will propitiate Old Probabilities! The tears that will be shed by the losers will furnish all the moisture necessary for the day.

The Women's Championship will be treated in our next issue.

WALTER CAMP.



THE DRAMA

LAST week, just before going to the Knickerbocker Theatre to see Miss Viola Allen make her first appearance in New York at the head of her own company, in "The Christian," I received a typewritten communication from her press-agent. It was so much more interesting and dignified than such documents usually are, that, at the close, I was not surprised to find the name of Hall Caine. It explained that in dramatizing his book Mr. Caine had not tried to follow the episodes in the story, and that the play was practically an independent work. So, as a drama solely, let it be judged.

"The Christian" consists of a pretty elaborate prologue and four well-rounded acts. Consequently, it is altogether too long; the action ought to be shortened by three-quarters of an hour. In the prologue we meet the romp, Glory Quayle, on her native heath in the Isle of Man; she is tired of the humdrum life of a clergyman's daughter, and longs to be a nurse in London. So, after very quietly turning down the offer of marriage which she receives from John Storm, an earnest but priggish young man, about to become a clergyman, she flies, as she says, like a bird, to London. In the first act we learn that, having failed as a nurse, she is about to make her debut as a singer in a London music hall. Her experience as nurse we have to take wholly on faith, and, so far as it serves the purposes of the drama, it might have been ignored. We see her just before and after she makes a sensation with her singing, and her success, too, we have to accept on faith, for she has been foolish enough to let us hear her voice. While taking supper with her music-hall friends, John Storm bursts in and implores her to give up her career. He takes a mighty high tone with her, which she does not in the least resent, though at the close of the act she is still determined to cling to what she calls her "art." We next find her at a meeting of a young people's club at John Storm's church. Again the clergyman reasons with her, and again she is true to her art. It is really a most peculiar situation; though surrounded by more or less vicious men, she is earning an honest living and seems to be able to take care of herself. There is no excuse for Storm's assumption of superiority. The act closes with one of the most extraordinary scenes ever presented at a Broadway theatre. Some young swells have decided to buy Storm's church, which happens to stand next to the music-hall where Glory sings, in order that the theatre may be enlarged. When they come to inform the clergyman of the matter, Storm bursts into a violent passion, calls upon the members of the club to take note of this gross insult to Christianity, and turns his callers out of doors! No situation could be more preposterous or more silly, and yet it was received by the audience with vociferous applause! The third act takes us to Glory's house in London, where another preposterous episode occurs. The singer, after entertaining a few of her friends till late at night, receives a visit from Storm; it appears that the minds of his old followers have been poisoned against him and he is threatened by a mob. Glory admits him and, forgetting his danger, he proceeds to assault her on account of her un-Christian life. He really acts as if he were stark mad, and he is calmed only by Glory's protestations of affection for him. The last act brings us back to the church, where John Storm masters his parishioners again, wins Glory as his bride, and, through an act of unexpected generosity on the part of one of her admirers, is enabled to save his church-building.

It is only fair to say that this very unreasonable play contained many situations that were novel, picturesque and dramatic, and that the audience greeted them all with apparent delight. Mr. Caine had the great advantage of treating a sympathetic theme, and, without losing one drop of sympathy, he might have allowed virtue to triumph over vice in a way that would lend to it the dignity and the force of truth. As the play stands now, it could easily be converted into an old-fashioned tract. However, as Glory, Miss Allen had a chance to show her versatility; the expression of Glory's many moods she managed with a good deal of expertise; but, alas! they did not for one instant create the impression of sincerity. For years a few critics have been pointing out that Miss Allen is allowing her work to be injured by affectations; but this fault she does not apparently try to mend. As John Storm Mr. E. J. Morgan had a chance that was even greater than the star's; but he did not rise to it, save in the outburst in the church, when he showed remarkable power. At all other times he was awkward in bearing and in delivery painfully monotonous. If he had infused variety and a suggestion of humor into his acting he might have made John Storm seem less, rather than more, of a prig than the author had made him. Among the other players Mr. John Mason as Drake, one of the London "swells," deserves the highest praise; his work was decidedly the best done in the evening—natural, straightforward, and ingeniously intelligent. Mr. Mason ought to be at the head of one of our New York stock companies.

It seems an astonishingly short time since Miss Alice Nielsen first appeared on the stage of New York. And now she is a "star," and every night Wallack's Theatre is crowded! Even the boxes, which, in New York, except on first nights, usually yawn so forlornly, are filled with *blase* men-about-town—a signal proof that the singer has caught on. Now it is interesting to know why any performer catches on, and this latest success is easy to explain. In the first place, Miss Nielsen is charming; she has youth (when you see her, you'll swear she's in her teens); she also has a pretty face,

a fascinating smile, roguish blue eyes, a supple figure, always in motion, and a voice that, without being in the least pretentious, just touches you in your tenderest spot. What more could one ask in a prima donna of comic opera? Then, too, Miss Nielsen has had luck in securing for her debut as "star" "The Fortune Teller," one of the best of the light operas heard here in recent years, far and away the best of those produced in New York this autumn. The music, written by Victor Herbert, though it includes nothing that is likely to linger long in the memory, is still far better than the average comic opera music, and it makes its impression without resorting to trap effects. As for the book, which comes from the inexhaustible Harry B. Smith, it is decidedly one of Mr. Smith's most humorous concoctions. Mr. Smith has two styles of writing: one of them is clever; of the other it is kindness not to speak.

The plot of "The Fortune Teller" I refuse to rehearse; it is so silly. Then, too, I doubt if I should get it right. At comic operas my mind frequently rebels against following the mazes of the episodes. It is perhaps to Mr. Smith's credit that, on so sorry a scheme, he could hang so much genuine humors. It was very bold of him, by the way, to introduce a musical composer who exclaimed every few minutes, "Ha! an idea! An inspiration!" and who then proceeded to write and to hum the opening bars of a time-honored tune. That seemed almost like a reflection on a great name with which the name of Smith is often

to exercise the histrionic craft. For instance: Roxane is retaining Cyrano's wounded hand, which she has been bathing. Cyrano is, secretly, more than madly in love with her. She is telling him that she loves some one, some one who dares not confess his passion, some one in Cyrano's regiment, and so on. Cyrano, thinking all the while of his ugliness, interrupts seven times with nothing but "Ah!" What a chance, indeed, for the actor to throw surprise, incredulity, expectancy, vanishing despair, and ascending hope, the hope of heaven, into that simple exclamation, and at the same time into his features. Cyrano's mental make-up is so complicated, and so difficult to reconcile with his curious exterior, that no actor could be expected to satisfy Rostand's conception without being personally guided by him. Is not Hamlet's case similar? No one but a genius could have written the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac," could have marshaled that mass of insignificant personages, each with something characteristic to do and say, each engaging attention for an instant, each unimportant and yet interesting, all perfectly coordinated. Confusion reigns—apparently. Analyze the noisy crowd, and the whole is subtly planned—evidently. One is reminded of "Wallenstein's Lager," and that is recommendation enough. No one but a genius could have put the life of a historic period on the stage so keen an eye for detail. No one but a genius could have composed a five-act play in rhyme and offended so rarely against taste and good sense. The five acts are easily and naturally inter-related. The logic of their sequence is unimpeachable; they are connected without the least strain on probability. Yet Roxane's journey from Paris to the Gascon camp at Arras seems a desperate and unnecessary shift to enliven the fourth act, which, without her, is the eventfullest of the play. Nor is it at all likely that eloquent Cyrano could for fifteen years have concealed his tremendous passion from intellectual, discerning Roxane. The author, if reproached, would probably take refuge behind the divine right of climax. Long, weary monologues, such as Charles V.'s in "Hernani," do not disturb the flow of the action in "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Only great minds create great dramatic characters like Cyrano—poet, soldier, and unflinching idealist to the last. And to the last half of the last act we are kept in suspense as to his fate. How finely, too, it is brought before us; his parting words summarize the glorious aspirations of his heroic life. He is delirious. His back against a tree—Cyrano has lived and will die standing alone—his eyes ablaze, and his sword drawn, he lunges at the air, while he raves:

"No! No! 'Tis handsomer to fight in hopeless cause! Who are all these? Why, you are a thousand! Ha! I know you well—my old enemies all! Lies! There, there! Ha! Compromise, Prejudice, Cowardice! What—come to terms? Never! Never! Ah! And there are you, Folly!—Full well I know you'll all o'ercome me in the end! But what care I? I'll fight! I'll fight! I'll fight!" LIONEL STRACHEY.



VIOLA ALLEN AS GLORY QUAYLE, IN HALL CAINE'S DRAMA "THE CHRISTIAN"

associated. And now for a third reason for Miss Nielsen's success; the supporting company is first-rate. I mean to include Mr. Eugene Cowles, though perhaps I ought not, since he is "featured." At any rate, after Miss Nielsen, he is the chief attraction, and, besides looking very magnificent and handsome in his gypsy garb, he sings superbly. JOHN D. BARRY.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC— ANOTHER VIEW

EVERY one knows, or soon will know, the story of the big-nosed Gascon rhymer, duelist, wit, musician and traveler to the moon, who fell in love with his blue-stocking cousin, that might be wooed only in superfluous euphuistic tropes, and who supplied a handsome but undilitary soldier with moving poems, which so charmed the lady that she got to love the soul of the writer, and thus, unwittingly, loved not her handsome soldier, but her ugly cousin. And we have heard something, and shall hear more, of this Gascon's prototype, the real Cyrano de Bergerac, a contemporary of Corneille, a playwright from whom Moliere stole a whole scene and a famous *bon mot*, an author who told adventures madder than Munchausen's, a punster in verse and in prose, worshiping the fair from a distance and inviting his enemies to close quarters. Cyrano is an impossible character, but Hamlet, Lohengrin, Don Quixote, Cyrano's countryman Jean Valjean, and dear old Beanstalk Jack are also impossible people, and we like them all the better for it.

The author has found the actor splendid opportunity

A COMMUNICATION

OFFICES OF FRANCIS WILSON

EDITOR OF "COLLIER'S WEEKLY"

DEAR SIR—I am not too young to love praise nor too old to profit by criticism even when couched in unpleasant words. I am philosophical enough to know that trying to please everybody in this world is a hopeless task and partake strongly of the spirit of elation if I am accorded following enough to be classed with the successful ones in life. Happiness is my mission, and if with its bread and butter I am rewarded with an occasional piece of pie for dessert I appreciate the fact that I am faring vastly better than the average individual and I am duly grateful therefor. It is something to be patient and thankful under just condemnation, but it is of no possible merit to submit tamely to censure having for its basis misstatement and lack of information such as is exhibited by your critic's article upon "The Little Corporal" in your issue of October 8.

Contrary to the statement of your paper, may I say that Mr. Victor Herbert did not write the music of "The Little Corporal"? That Mr. Wilson did make up to look like Bonaparte of the Egyptian campaign, faithfully copying the rarest and finest prints procurable in Europe and America—the boots, buff trousers, tri-colored sash, coat, stock, collar, hair—especially as to its length and color—hat and sword were minutely reproduced? In the case of the last named, a tracing was made from a print of the sword actually carried by Bonaparte in the Egyptian campaign—nor were the lines of the face neglected in any particular.

That the character bore no resemblance "to the familiar figure," as your critic knows it, may be true; for the familiar figure of Napoleon is the fat, short-haired Emperor with the drooping forehead—as in "Madame Sans-Gene"—whereas the Bonaparte of the Egyptian invasion period is the slim, long-haired Corsican with the scimitar.

I hold that I should not be condemned by those who are obviously ignorant of the distinction conveyed to the student by the terms "Bonaparte" and "Napoleon"—the first representing the man up to the period of his coronation, and the second, from that to his death.

It is possible, but not likely, as I view it, that our music would have been better if Mr. Victor Herbert had composed it; but I respectfully submit that there could be no question as to the absurdity of depicting "the familiar figure" of Napoleon years before it had any chronological or actual existence. That your critic meant to be unkind or stated more than he saw and felt I do not believe, but that he has lapses into misstatement that is unjust and likely to discredit me with your readers I hope has been proved, from which injustice I feel assured you will only too willingly relieve.

Yours very truly,
FRANCIS WILSON.

October 7, 1898.

PIECE
get up also
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UNCLE RASTUS—"Dootah! dar's sumfin' wrong wif dat picninnin ob mine; he's done bin pow'ful melancholy ob late."

DR. RUFUS—"I spec' dat's most loikly jest plain water-melancholy."

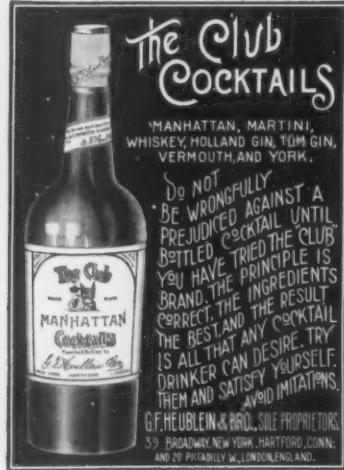
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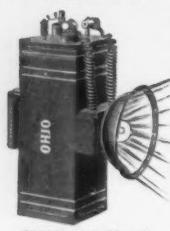
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We will send four full quart bottles of Hayner's Seven Year Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, Express Prepaid. We ship in plain packages—no marks to indicate contents which will avoid possible comment. When you get it and test it, if it isn't satisfactory return it at our expense, and we will return your \$3.20. Such whiskey cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than \$5.00.

We are the only distillers selling to consumers direct. Others who claim to be are only dealers. Our whiskey has our reputation behind it.

References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.

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P. S.—Orders for Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts, by freight prepaid.

[We guarantee the above firm will do as they agree.—EDITOR.]

Turn it upside down

It won't hurt it!

There are no dregs or sediment at the bottom.

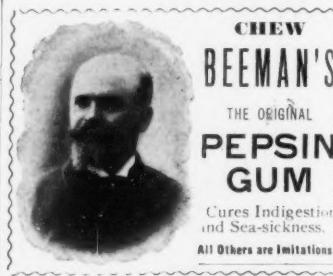
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